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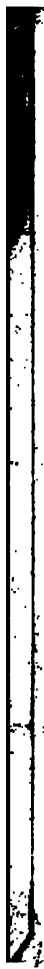
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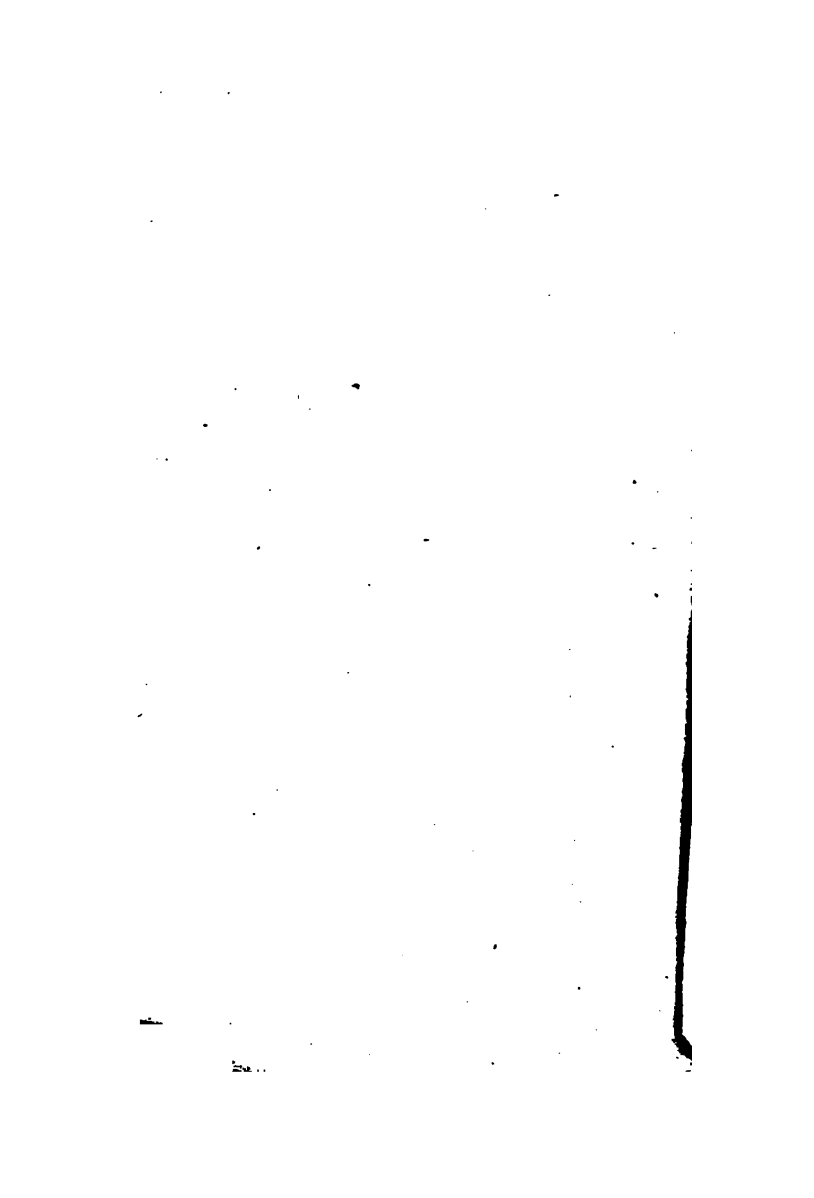
PETER FORBES

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THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF
SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS.

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THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF
SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS,
SELECTED FROM
THE WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT POETS;
WITH
A Number of Original Pieces,
AND
NOTES,
CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

GLASGOW:

Printed by Andrew & James Duncan,

AND SOLD BY J. SMITH & SON, A. & J. M. DUNCAN, W. TURNBULL
AND BRASH & REID; A. CONSTABLE & CO. J. BALLANTYNE,
AND F. HILL, EDINBURGH; B. CROSBY & CO. AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME & BROWN,
LONDON.

1816.

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.



PREFACE.

IT is somewhere observed in the writings of FLETCHER of Saltoun, a man endeared to every Scottish bosom for his profound wisdom and exalted independence, that "he knew a very wise man who believed, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This remark is undoubtedly expressive of the author's conviction, that such compositions have a very powerful influence on the manners, feelings, and actions, of a people, and that, under proper guidance and direction, they might even supersede the influence and terror of law itself in the government of mankind.

But be this as it may, it is beyond dispute that legislators and rulers, both in ancient and in modern times, have, to a certain extent, subscribed to the justice of the observation, and shown their sense of the influence of poetry, by the assistance they have occasionally condescended to derive from it: for the same FLETCHER goes on to observe, that few of the legislators of antiquity entered upon any great plan of reform in a city, without the assistance of a dramatic, and even a lyric poet; and STEELE, in one of his Spectators, says, that he had "heard of a minister of state, in the reign of queen ELIZABETH, who had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes."

Now it will certainly appear that there is a very great deal of reason in all this, if the fact be taken into consideration, that no species of composition leaves a more indelible impression upon the human mind than poetry, or stands in higher estimation amongst the most savage as well as the most civilized nations. Indeed, it may be safely said of poetry, that it is the only language of nature, or more properly speaking, that it is the first medium through which nature teaches the savage and untutored mind to think, to feel, and to act; *for at the present day, the most barbarous nations of which we*

have any knowledge, though entirely ignorant of every other species of literary composition, have yet an acquaintance with poetry, more or less rude indeed, in proportion to the progress they have made, but proving beyond a doubt, that though art may be necessary to heighten its polish, yet its origin is to be traced to the time when it issues naked and unadorned from the heart of the uncultivated savage.

It would be extremely difficult to point out any nation, either in ancient or in modern times, where poetry was altogether unknown. 'Though the simple productions of nature have constantly something about them of a character unformed, rough, and savage, yet the literary annals of all nations afford vestiges of poetry from the remotest ages. They are found among the most wild of all the ancient barbarians, and among the most desolate of all the modern Americans. Nature asserts her rights in every country, and in every age. Ancient historians mention the verses and hymns of the Germans, at the time when that rough people yet inhabited the woods, and when their manners were still savage. The first inhabitants of Runnia, those of Gaul, Albion, Iberia, Ausonia, and other nations of Europe, had their poetry, as well as the ancient people of Asia, and of the known borders of Africa.' The use to which they applied it was to transmit to their children a knowledge of the principles of their worship, their religious ceremonies, their laws, and the renowned actions of their sages and heroes; and this

was done by a kind of hymns or songs which fathers sung to their children, in order to impress the subjects more forcibly upon their hearts.

Co-extensive with the existence of poetry of some kind among every rude people, is the influence which it possesses over their minds. Not only has it always been the medium through which their notions of religion were acquired, and their respect for the gods inculcated, but it has also been the chief instrument of exciting their passions good and bad, and more particularly, of animating to the performance of all those actions and exploits where a more than ordinary degree of courage and enterprise was required. Let any man picture to himself a North American Indian preparing for a warlike expedition—let him observe with what coolness and deliberation he puts in order the instruments of death—he exhibits no more concern or anxiety than if he were going about the most ordinary affair of life—he appears rather indifferent to the business than otherwise;—but let him follow the warrior on his expedition till he has approached the enemy—let him hear the war song raised, and mark its wonderful effects—the savage is no longer the same passive being—the gathering fury flashes from his eyes,—as it proceeds, his dark brows are more strongly knit,—his whole soul seems convulsed with a rage more than human,—and, as it reaches the climax, he rushes on the foe with all the sternness and rage of the *blood-thirsty tyger*;—let any man picture to himself all this,

and he will be at once convinced of the power and influence of poetry over the uncultivated mind.

It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that this species of composition would have maintained its ground after nations began to advance in civilization, had not its influence continued to be felt, as formerly, in a very deep and powerful manner. But it was found that, in proportion as a people advanced in the scale of refinement, their poetry advanced likewise; and that, in proportion to the advancement of both, the influence of the latter over the former acquired additional strength. The divine art of poetry, therefore, from a deep conviction of its utility, continued to be assiduously cultivated; and when, at length, it came to be united in a more perfect manner with its sister music, it soon became apparent that, with equal facility, the two together

“ Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire ”—

could kindle in the human breast all the latent embers of pride, anger, jealousy, and revenge, or hush these stormy passions into rest, and draw forth, in their stead, all the energies of virtuous thought and noble action.

Hence it is that the sages and legislators of antiquity have had recourse to the assistance of the poet when they wished to produce a reform either in manners or morals; and that rulers, in more modern times, have been anxious to ascertain

for what ballads, as well as other books, people manifested a particular predilection.

Some in this country have feelingly lamented, and among others, Mr. COLQUHOUN in his treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, that the songs and other amusements of the people were not more particularly the subjects of legislative interference. It is painful to hear men of sense talk thus, and is only to be excused on the ground of their own connexion, in some way or other, with the government of the country. All government censorships over literary productions ought to be reprobated, and indeed, they cannot be endured in a free country; because, in the first place, it is enough that authors be amenable to the laws for what they publish; and because, in the second place, when such government censorships are established, it is uniformly for mere government purposes, such as encouraging a blind and slavish submission to every species of political corruption and abuse, and preventing mankind from becoming acquainted with their real situation, and their true interests.

But whatever cause there may be to regret the want of the above-mentioned interference, so far as the interests of virtue and morality are concerned, there is certainly none to regret it in reference to political purposes. Too many servile wretches will always be found, who are willing to prostitute their *talents*, and lend themselves to any government purpose, in

the hope of obtaining some part of those rewards which it is the power of most governments to bestow. Others again there will always be, whose minds being blinded by early prejudice and who, labouring under mistaken notions as to the infallibility of a government, and the equity and justice of all its measures, may, without meaning ill, do more to forward its worst purposes, than even those who, from servile motives are wilfully and obstinately wrong. For how much of the misery, which always follows in the train of war, is the world indebted to the wilful or mistaken exertions of such men?

Is it not a fact too palpable to be denied, that during the last five-and-twenty years of unexampled warfare, much, if not the greater part, of that spirit of hostility which has existed in Great Britain towards the people of France, has been fostered and kept alive by those naval and military songs, which have issued in such abundance from the press in the southern part of the kingdom? But for these and similar productions would it ever have occurred to the people of Great Britain that France was their *natural enemy*? What was to render her their *natural enemy*, or make them regard her as such? Was it her relative position, the difference of her language, her manners, or her customs? Are not other nations separated from them by the sea as well as France? Have not other nations also, a language, manners, and customs peculiar to themselves? And when did the people of Great Britain think of regarding other nations as their *natural enemies*? *any of these accounts?*

Such productions as those now alluded to, are more inimical to the interests of virtue and morality than can well be described. They tend to sever those ties of benevolence which ought to bind man to man, and nation to nation,—they excite feelings and passions disgraceful to humanity, and, not unfrequently, contribute largely to plunge whole nations into a state of misery, from which it is the work of ages to recover them.

In this country, there are few persons but would shrink instinctively from doing an injury to the Red-breast. Even boys, who are the declared enemies of birds in general, entertain a singular respect for Robin, and shudder at the idea of killing him. Is it not probable that much of this respect is owing to the old ballad of the *Children in the Wood*? And if all those songs of the war cast were displaced by others which would teach men to think kindly and affectionately of their fellow creatures, is it not likely that governments would find it more difficult to carry on the trade of war, and, by its means, to entail upon mankind, as they too often do, those various evils which are its inseparable concomitants?

The subject which has now been only briefly hinted at, is perhaps of more consequence than may at first be imagined; for, if there be any justice at all in the observations that have been made, the conclusions that result from them must be of the highest importance. Admit for a moment, that the genius

of song maintains that unbounded influence over the human heart which the observations just made go far to prove,—admit that it exercises an omnipotent sway over the feelings and the passions of men, both good and bad, moulding or guiding them according to the direction either of a vicious or virtuous impulse, and it will at once appear, that the compilation of a song book,—nay, that the composition of a single song, is a work that, although generally thought below the dignity of the philosopher, and the notice of the philanthropist, is yet by no means unworthy of the talents of the one or of the utmost solicitude and attention of the other.

The limits which we have prescribed to ourselves prevent us from following out this subject at greater length. Yet we cannot but remark how much might be done to promote the exercise of right feelings and affections among men, and to prevent the decay of patriotism and public spirit, of social and private virtue, and of every excellence that can adorn the human character, if the importance which attaches to the lighter productions of genius was thoroughly understood, and appreciated as it ought to be. If a government were to establish a censorship over such productions for the exclusive purpose of seeing that none came before the public, except those which were calculated to rouse the flame of patriotism and devotion when the liberties of a nation were at stake, or which were designed to strengthen the bands of public moral and private virtue, and to inspire a love for all those laudable

and praise-worthy tastes, dispositions, and pursuits, which wear a friendly aspect to the peace, the happiness, and the welfare of mankind—in this case perhaps, no good man would regret the interference; but even then, the virtuous lover of liberty, from an experience of the past, would still have his doubts; and he would not be unreasonable if he wished for some better security than the mere *ipse dixit* of a government, that such interference would not be used for the purposes of despotism and destruction.

It is the pride and honour of Scotland, that few or none of the Songs which are peculiarly her own are objectionable in respect of their tendency to foster a pernicious spirit of hostility among men, whatever they may be in other respects. Social and domestic happiness, the beauties of rural scenery, and rural love and courtship, are almost the exclusive themes of Scottish Song. It is on this account, that one complete volume out of the two now offered to the public, has been devoted to the Muse of Scotland; for it was the determined resolution of the Editor to exclude, as far as possible, all those pieces which had a tendency to foster feelings inimical to the peace, and consequently, to the happiness of mankind. His reasons for this resolution have been developed above; and if it shall be thought that he has, in any measure, succeeded in his object, and that that object was laudable, he shall consider himself as amply rewarded.

On the general character of the Scottish Songs, Dr. CURRIE in his life of BURNS, has the following remarks:—

“ The Scottish songs are of very unequal poetical merit and this inequality often extends to the different parts of the same song. Those that are humorous, or characteristic manners, have in general the merit of copying nature; those that are serious, are tender, and often sweetly interesting, but seldom exhibit high powers of imagination, which indeed do not easily find a place in this species of composition. The alliance of the words of the Scottish Songs with the music has in some instances given to the former a popularity, which otherwise they would not have obtained.

“ The association of the words and the music of these songs, with the more beautiful parts of the scenery of Scotland, contributes to the same effect. It has given them not merely popularity, but permanence; it has imparted to these works of man some portion of the durability of the works of nature. If, from our imperfect experience of the past, we may judge with any confidence respecting the future, songs of this description are of all others least likely to die. In the changes of language they may no doubt suffer change but the associated strain of sentiment and of music will perhaps survive, while the clear stream sweeps down the vale of Yarrow, or the Yellow broom waves on Cowden-Knowes.”

In these paragraphs there is a compliment paid to the songs and the music of Scotland, of which every Scotchman may be proud. The inequality noticed by the Doctor, is undoubtedly observable, to a certain extent, in the older pieces; but from the songs of Burns, which form the most considerable part of the first volume of this work, it, in a great measure disappears. To him the lovers of song owe greater obligations than to any of his predecessors. This is deeply felt and widely acknowledged. In his incomparable lyrics, are beheld the bright beaming rays of a glory that has set. They exhibit a fair transcript of his great and mighty mind; and while the country that claims him for her own exists—while his countrymen have feeling enough to drop a tear over his defects, and judgment enough to appreciate his many excellences, that transcript will afford a rich source of intellectual pleasure to all who are capable of perusing it.

It would afford the Editor much pleasure could he, with justice, think as favourably of the English, as of the Scottish Songs. This, however, he finds to be impossible. In making this remark he disclaims every thing like invidiousness. He is not one of those narrow-minded mortals whose national pride, partiality, and prejudice, would lead them to limit merit of every description to the productions of their own country alone. On the contrary, he is disposed to appreciate merit wherever he finds it. He readily admits that there are several *English songs which possess excellence of the rarest kind;*

and he trusts that a number of those which compose the English department of this work, will be found deserving of the highest praise. At the same time, however, justice compel him to declare that, in all English collections which he has seen, such pieces are comparatively few, the far greater part usually consisting of that objectionable class already noticed the tendency of which is to inflame the worst passions of men, and prepare them for becoming the dupes of those whose delight it is to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

There is yet another point that is worthy of observation. The songs and the music of England are comparatively of very recent date. In this respect Scotland must certainly be allowed a decided pre-eminence. She can point to her reliques of ancient music and song, which have been handed down by the living voice through a long and unbroken series of ages; while England can exhibit nothing of the kind that can be deemed national. This certainly justifies the following effusion of Mr. CROMEK, in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*:—

"That the peasantry of Scotland possess a greater portion of natural taste and information than the vulgar class of any other nation is considered paradoxical by their unbelieving brethren on this side the Tweed. Were evidence required to establish this fact, a Scottish peasant would exclaim—

‘ Where are your Ballads and Songs, the beauteous fugitive of neglected or unknown rustic bards? Where are your sacred reliques of poetic devotion with which every Scotchman’s heart is filled?—the plaint of despair, the uplifting rapture of love, or the heart-warming lament of domestic misfortune? With us they live; with you they have never existed, or have perished!’ ”

In turning to the songs of Ireland, the same justice and impartiality require that the language of approbation should be sparingly dealt in. Ireland, indeed, like Scotland, has her music of the “olden time;” her harp has, from time immemorial, shed the delicious “concord of sweet sounds” over her “laughing green vales,” and her soft and simple airs have long been the delight and admiration of every one. But if these beautiful effusions were ever united to poetry every way worthy of them, it is now either lost or in a great measure unknown. With the exception of a very few pieces, the songs of Ireland, at the present day, are of a character bordering on the contemptible. They are either coarse, vulgar, and indelicate, or filled with the most affected and disgusting attempts to invert language, and produce a transient risibility by absurd and ridiculous blunders. The fine strain of sentiment which seems to be the natural associate of the music, is either wholly forgotten or studiously neglected; and thus, these delightful airs are condemned to be the vehicles of *conveying nothing* but what is calculated to barbarize the

taste, and neutralize the heart to all those finer feelings and impressions, which a less faulty association would strengthen and improve.

To remedy these various defects in the character of Irish song, several laudable attempts have lately been made. It was for this purpose that MOORE composed his Irish Melodies, and that Mr. THOMSON, of Edinburgh, provided new verses for all the Irish airs published in his musical work. But as the labours of these Gentlemen have not yet become the property of the public, the Editor of this work, in his Irish department, more than in any other, has been frustrated in his original objects. From the paucity of other materials to select from, he has often been obliged to admit pieces, which otherwise would not have met with his approbation. Circumscribed, however, as he was in this respect, he nevertheless trusts that he has been sufficiently careful to distinguish between those of a grossly immoral tendency, and those which, though not wholly unexceptionable, have yet something like the freshness of nature about them.

It is now matter of regret with the Editor, that he did not sooner think of making some attempts himself to reform the department of Irish song. From the specimen of ability for this purpose given by two of his poetical friends, he has no doubt but, with their assistance, a good deal might have been done in this respect. But the work was too far advanced

the thought occurred to him; and he was obliged to rest satisfied with having made a very humble effort to present the public with a collection of songs, that should comprise the best of those pieces that now lie scattered throughout a great variety of collections, and that cannot be obtained without purchasing much trash along with them.

On the general merits of this selection it would ill become the Editor to say any thing. Of this the public are the proper judges. He may be allowed to mention, however, that although he is conscious of not having succeeded in all that might have been accomplished, yet his leading object has been to render the work as unexceptionable as possible. Well aware of the powerful influence of poetry, when associated with agreeable music, it has been his constant study to exclude every thing that had a tendency to deteriorate public morals, or private virtue. Trusting, therefore, that his humble exertions in this respect, added to the general neatness of the typography, the many valuable original pieces he has had the happiness of bringing to light, and the information he has collected in the form of notes, will, on the whole, render it, in some degree, acceptable to the lovers and admirers of song, he commits it to the judgment of the public, expecting no other indulgence of its faults, than candour and charity can warrantably bestow.

Glasgow, 22d October, 1816.

THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,
&c.



PART FIRST.

SCOTTISH SONGS.



THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

&c.

~~~~~  
Scottish Songs.  
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CALEDONIA.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles, let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exhale their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands, that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean. *

* This panegyric on his much-loved Caledonia by our immortal Bard, is justly entitled to the highest rank among the lyric effusions of the Scottish Muse, and therefore forms a very appropriate introduction to a select collection of these pieces. It is so exquisite as to be above all praise. Dr. CURRIE, the Editor.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew
 Upon the banks sae brierie, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the li'elang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thorny tree;
 Or pou the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;

the Works of Burns, supposed that the Bard, when he wrote this Song, had that portion of his countrymen in view who had expatriated themselves, and taken up their residence in foreign lands. He denominates it a "beautiful strain," and adds that it may be confidently predicted, that it will be sung with superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."

I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nae ither warldly care I'd hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.



LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
 They've ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,
 Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';
 They've ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.

*He said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
 He said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.*

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;
 But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him, wi' his houses and land,

He said, think na lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
 Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And gied me the hauf o't when he gad awa.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
 The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*

HOW BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

TUNE—" *The Ewe-bughts, Marion.*"

How blythe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
 As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
 But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
 To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion
 Thus draws a' our shepherds afar;
 O cou'dna the ewe-bughts and Marion
 Please mair than the horrors o' war!

Not a plough in our land has been ganging;
 The ousen hae stood in their sta';
 Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
 For mair than a towmond or twa.

Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion
 Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
 O, I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
 Could charm frae the horrors o' war.



HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—" *Katharine Ogie.*"

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The Castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
 Your waters never drumlie.
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry:
 For there I took the last fareweel,
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me, and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.*

* This beautiful and pathetic piece is written in BURNS's happiest manner. "The subject of it," he says, in one of his Letters, "is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days." Highland Mary is the theme of a song written in the Poet's early days, entitled, *The Highland Lassie, O*. She is also the same individual to whom the exquisite Ode is addressed, beginning—*Thou lin'ring star, with less'ning ray*. See both of these Pieces. Of the verses of this Song it has been said by one of BURNS's correspondents, that "they breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, and, like the music, will last for ever. Such verses, united to such an air, with the delicate harmony of PLEYEL superadded, might form a treat worthy of being presented to Apollo himself."

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddie is a canker'd carle,
 He'll no twin wi' his gear,
 My minnie she's a scaulding wife,
 Hauds a' the house a-steer;
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.*

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I, it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
 And ay sin' syne, she cries, beware
 O' false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast ae night,
 And spear'd when I saw Pate?
 And ay sin' syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.

*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For I'll gae to the bonnie lad
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love.
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.*

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee.
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c. **

* BURNS says, "I composed these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at, or near Moness." They are written in the same measure as the *Birks of Abergeldie*, an old Scottish Song, from which nothing is borrowed but the chorus.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever:
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud-roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.



LOGAN BRAES.

"By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
"Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
"Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
"Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.

" But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
" And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
" While my dear lad maun face his faes,
" Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

" Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
" Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
" Meet wi' me, or whan it's mirk,
" Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
" I weel may sing thae days are gane—
" Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
" While my dear lad maun face his faes,
" Far, far frae me an' Logan braes!

" At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
" I danner out, or sit alane,
" Sit alane, beneath the tree
" Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
" O! cou'd I see thae days again,
" My lover skaithless, an' my ain!
" Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
" We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by, wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes:
Says he, " What gars thee greet sae sair,
" What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
" Thae sporting lambs ha'e blythesome days,
" An' playful skip on Logan braes."

" What can I do but weep and mourn?
" I fear my lad will ne'er return,
" Ne'er return to ease my wae's,
" Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, " I'm free from war's alarms,

" I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,
 " We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straught to Logan kirk they went,
 And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
 Wi' one consent to end their days,
 An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
 An' now she sings, " thae days are gane,
 " When I wi' grief did herd alane,
 " While my dear lad did fight his faes,
 " Far, far frae me an' Logan braes." *



THE AULD MAN'S SANG.

TUNE—"Dumbarton Drums."

O WHY should age so much wound us, O?
 There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
 For how happy now am I,
 With my auld wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.

* Many have supposed this song to be a production of the "olden time." This, however, appears to be a mistake. In a late edition of the Works of BURNS, it is stated in a note to have been the production of Mr. JOHN MAYNE. This Gentleman is a native of Glasgow, and at present one of the Proprietors of the London Star. He is the author of "Glasgow, a Poem," and several other pieces of considerable merit. Logan Braes first came to be popularly known in the South West of Scotland about the year 1783. About the same time it was published by most of the Music Sellers in London, and soon became a great favourite at Vauxhall.—It will be seen, by a reference to BURNS's *Logan Water*, that he has adopted two lines

MAYNE's Song.

We began in this world with naething, O,
And we've jogg'd on and toil'd for the ae thing, O;
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankful hearts were glad,
When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.

When we had any thing we never vaunted, O,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wanted, O;
 We always gave a share,
 Of the little we could spare,
When it pleas'd the Almighty to grant it, O.

We have liv'd all our lifetime contented, O,
Since the day we became first acquainted, O;
 It's true we have been poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
Yet we never repin'd nor lamented, O.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy, O,
By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the bliss,
 (And what further could we wis'?)
To be pleas'd with ourselves and be healthy, O.

But tho' we cannot boast of our *guineas*, O,
We have plenty of *Jockies* and *Jeanies*, O;
 And these I'm certain are
 More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor *yellow stanies*, O.

We have seen many wonder and ferlie, O,
At changes that have almost been yearly, O,
 Of rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
That now live but scrimply and sparely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O,
Since a *straiten'd life* we see is no rarity, O?

Indeed we've been in want,
 And our living's been but scant,
 Yet we never were reduc'd to need charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,
 Where we've long been a father and mother, O,
 And tho' not of stone and lime,
 It will serve us all our time,
 And I hope we shall never need another, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O;
 We'll go hand in hand I wis'
 To a better place than this,
 And make room for the next generation, O.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O
 There is nothing in't at all to confound us, O;
 For how happy now am I,
 With my auld wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O. *

* This *Auld Man* is a philosopher of the first class. It be questioned if the Reverend Author, the late Mr. SKINNER ever delivered, from the pulpit, a lecture better calculated to commend the virtue of contentment, than the natural and sincere sentiments which he has put into the mouth of this worthy : How finely must these sentiments vibrate on the minds of those who, like the oracle that utters them, when they have reached the evening of life, can look back on the *past* with satisfaction and forward to the *future* with serenity and hope! The following extract from a letter to BURNS, will show to whom the gratitude of the country is due for the most of Mr. SKINNER'S Sermon—"While I was young," says he, "I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting the black gown, I gave it up almost entirely, till my daughters grew up, who, being all good learners, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, so extorted these effusions, which have made a public appearance ~~in~~ beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there. *

~~~~~

## JOCKIE'S FAR AWA.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,  
The woods wi' leaves sae green;  
And little birds around their bow'rs,  
In harmony convene:  
The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,  
Whilst saft the zephyrs blow;

\* These beautiful verses, by BURNS, were written, as he informs us, with a reference to "an unfortunate part in the story" of his friend and correspondent, Mr. CUNNINGHAM. The nature of the circumstance he has not specified; but, from the complexion of the verses, it appears to have been a disappointment in a love affair. Mr. C. was a nephew of the celebrated historian, Dr. ROBERTSON of Edinburgh.

But what are a' thae joys to me,  
When Jockie's far awa.

*When Jockie's far awa on sea,  
When Jockie's far awa ;  
But what are a' thae joys to me,  
When Jockie's far awa.*

Last May morning how sweet to see  
The little lambkins play,  
Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,  
Did kindly walk this way.

On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pou'd,  
To busk my bosom brow;  
Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,  
But now he's far awa.

*But now, &c.*

O gentle peace return again,  
Bring Jockie to my arms,  
Frae dangers on the raging main,  
Frae cruel war's alarms.  
Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,  
As lang's we've breath to draw;  
Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,  
My Jockie's far awa.

*My Jockie's, &c.*



#### THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

TUNE—" *Erin go Bragh.*"

FROM the sea-beaten coast of Scotia I wander,  
In quest of a home through Columbia I stray;  
Ah! broad is the deep that now parts me asunder  
From my straw-covered cot, on the banks of the T  
Oft heaves the fond sigh, when I think on the hour  
That I spent in my childhood among the broom bow  
In weaving fresh garlands of wild-blooming flow'rs,  
On the green shady banks of the smooth-winding T

Wild are the glens that surround the dear dwelling,—  
 My own native home, when kind fortune did smile—  
 Securely within have I heard the storms railing  
 Along the hoar brow of the heath cover'd hill.  
 From my grief-swoll'n eyes the tear downward gushes,  
 When I think on the time I stray'd through the bushes,  
 Enraptur'd with Mary, when morning's mild blushes  
 Expanded the flowers on the green banks of Tay.

At eve, when the sun steals behind yon blue mountain,  
 Tinging the clouds with his bright golden rays,  
 I wander alone by the green shaded fountain,  
 Where memory reminds me of once happy days.  
 No more on those shores, where sea birds are screaming,  
 Nor in the deep glen, where the sun's scarcely gleaming,  
 Will I meet with my Mary, when the night clouds are  
 skimming  
 Above the green banks of the clear winding Tay.



## BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

TUNE—"Hey tuttie taitie," or "*Lewie Gordon*."

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victory!  
 Now's the day and now's the hour;  
 See the front of battle lour;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Edward! chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!  
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?—  
 Caledonian, on wi' me!



By Oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free !  
 Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrant's fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Forward ! let us do, or die ! \*

\* This noble ode, unequalled for the independence of the sentiments, and the heroic spirit which it breathes, was composed by BURNS "during a storm among the wilds of Glen-Ken, in Galloway," when on an excursion through that part of the country. The following particulars relative to the journey are not only interesting, but highly characteristic of the Bard, and, as they may not be generally known, they are here given from a letter written by the Gentleman who accompanied him.

"We left Kenmore, and went to Gatehouse. I took him the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became lowering and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall; it poured in floods upon us. For three hours did the wild elements *rumble their belly full* upon our defenceless heads. *Oh! oh! 'twas foul*. We got utterly wet; and to revenge ourselves, BURNS insisted at Gatehouse on our getting utterly drunk.

"From Gatehouse, we went next day to Kirkcudbright, through a fine country. But here I must tell you that BURNS had got a pair of *jemmy* boots for the journey, which had been thoroughly wet, and which had been dried in such a manner that it was not possible to get them on again. The brawny poet tried force, and tore them to shreds. A whiffing vexation of this sort is more trying to the temper than a serious calamity. We were going to St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of SELKIRK, and the forlorn BURNS was discomfited at the thought of his ruined boots. A sick stomach, and a head-ache, lent their aid, and the man of verse was

## HOHENLINDEN.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

quite *accablé*. I attempted to reason with him. Mercy on us how he did fume and rage! Nothing could reinstate him in temper. I tried various expedients, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I showed him the house of \* \* \* \*, across the bay of Wigton. Against \* \* \* \*, with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen, and regained a most agreeable temper. He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed! He afterward fell on humbler game. There is one \* \* \* \* \* whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him.

When ———, deceased, to the Devil went down,  
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;  
 Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,  
 I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.

"Well I am to bring you to Kircudbright along with our poet without boots. I carried the torn ruins across my saddle in spite of his fulminations, and in contempt of appearances; and what was more, Lord SELKIRK carried them in his coach to Dumfries. He insisted they were worth mending. ———"

"We enjoyed a most happy evening at Lord SELKIRK's: We had, in every sense of the word, a feast, in which our minds and our senses were equally gratified. The poet was delighted with his company, and acquitted himself to admiration. The lion that had raged so violently in the morning, was now as mild and gentle as a lamb. Next day we returned to Dumfries, and so ended our peregrination. I told you, that in the midst of the storm on the wilds of Kenmore, BURNS was rapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with BRUCE, at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day he produced me the Address to BRUCE to his troops, and gave me a copy for DALZIEL."

But Linden show'd another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.  
 Then shook the hills, by thunder riven—  
 Then flew the steed to battle driven—  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet these fires shall glow  
 On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow,  
 And bloodier yet shall be the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.  
 The battle thickens!—On ye brave!  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave—  
 Wave, Munich!—all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
 Where fiery Frank, and furious Hun,  
 Shout 'mid their sulph'rous canopy.  
 Few, few shall part, where many meet,  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
 And every sod beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.\*

\* This piece, by the Author of the "Pleasures of Hope," is perhaps the only one of the kind, in any language, that can be brought forward as a parallel to that of Burns; but excellent as it is in respect to composition, *Bruce's Address* will always obtain a decided preference with those who are susceptible to the genuine glow of patriotic sentiment, and who are capable of sympathizing with "the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her!"

## THE THISTLE.

TUNE—"Sprig of Shillelah."

LET them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,  
Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian name,

With their red blushing roses, and shamrock sae green  
Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,  
The land of blue mountains, the birth place of worth,  
Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd her abode,  
Those wide-spreading glens, where no slave ever trod  
Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green

Though rich be the soil, where blossoms the rose;  
And bleak the high mountains, and covered with snow:

Where blooms the red heather, and thistle sae green  
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,  
And for courage so bold, which no foe could subdue,  
Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,  
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,  
Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae green.

Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,  
And many the *cairnies* that rise on our shore,

O'er the foes that invaded the thistle sae green;  
And many a *cairnie* shall rise on our strand,  
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land;  
Let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,  
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave,  
Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green!

Oh! dear to our souls are the blessings of Heav'n,  
The freedom we boast of, the land which we live in,

The land of the thistle—the thistle sae green:  
For that land and that freedom our fathers have blest  
And we swear by the blood which our fathers have shed  
That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave  
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave  
The thistle of Scotia!—the thistle sae green!

## LIZY LIBERTY.

TUNE—"Tibby Fowler in the glen."

THERE lives a lassie on the brae,  
O! but she's a bonnie creature;  
They ca' her Lizy Liberty,  
And monie ane's wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, fain wad hae her,  
Courting at, but canna get her;  
Bonnie Lizy Liberty,  
There's o'er monie wooing at her.*

Her mither wears a plettit mutch;  
Her father is an honest dyker,  
An' she hersel's a dainty quean,  
Ye winna shaw me monie like her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,  
Wi' fouth o' sense an' smeddum in her;  
There's no a swankie far or near,  
But tries wi' a' his might to win her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

But sweet and pleasant as she is,  
She winna thole the marriage tether,  
But likes to rove and rant about,  
Like highland couts amang the heather.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

It's seven years, and somewhat mair,  
Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till he  
A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,  
Wi' heaps o' breeks an' bags o' siller.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

The next to him was Baltic John,  
Stept up the brae and keeket at her,  
Syne turn'd as great a fool's he came,  
And in a day or twa forgat her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

Now Lawrie French has ta'en the whim,  
To toss his airs, and frisk about her;  
And Malcolm Fleming puffs and swears  
He disna value life without her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

They've casten out wi' a their kin,  
Thinking that wad gar them get her;  
Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,  
They maybe winna be the better.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,  
Wha seems to be the coshest wi' her;  
He never fails to get a kiss,  
As aften as he likes to see her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

But Donald, tak' a friend's advice,  
Altho' I ken ye fain wad hae her,  
E'en just be doing as you are,  
And haud wi' what ye're getting frae her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

Ye're well, and wats nae, as we say,  
In getting leave to dwell beside her;  
And gin ye had her mair your ain,  
Ye'd maybe find it waur to guide her.

*Wooing at her, &c.*

Ah ! Lawrie, ye've debauch'd the lass,  
 Wi' vile new-fangled tricks ye've play'd her ;  
 Deprav'd her morals ;—like an ass,  
 Ye've courted her, and syne betray'd her.

*Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,  
 Cutting, hacking, slashing at her ;  
 Bonnie Lizy Liberty,  
 May ban the day ye ettl'd at her.\**

~~~~~

LOVELY MARY.

TUNE—" *Gloomy Winter's now awa.*"

I'VE seen the lily on the wold,
 I've seen the op'ning marigold
 Their fairest hues at morn unfold,
 But fairer is my Mary, O.
 How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
 With op'ning flow'rs at spring's return !
 How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn !
 But sweeter is my Mary, O.
 Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind ;
 Her form's not fairer than her mind ;
 Two sister beauties rarely join'd,
 But join'd in lovely Mary, O.

As music from the distant steep ;
 As star-light on the silent deep ;
 So are my passions lull'd asleep
 By love for bonnie Mary, O.

* This lively, humorous, and sensible song, is another of the productions of the Rev. and worthy Mr. SKINNER. It seems to have been written about the time of the French Revolution, and to have a special reference to that event.

Yet, Mary, when I see the flow'r
Drop under autumn's chilling show'r,
In tears, I mind the coming hour,
Must blast my bonnie Mary, O.
Thy spring so fair is past away;
How soon will close thy summer day!
Love's season will not long delay:
Bethink thee, lovely Mary, O.



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd;
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate tract,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fulness of heart—
'Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!'
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blast sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
She said to me right hastilie,
Get up, goodman, save Crumie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crumie is a useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thretty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but hauf a crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown:
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;
 I think the warld is a' gaun daft,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat, 'tis thretty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses, ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And why will thou thysell miaken?
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Sae I'll leave aff whare I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.



KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

TUNE—"O! the roast beef of Old England."

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a piece o' gude grund to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard:

*O! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,
 And O! the Scottish kail-brose.*

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose
O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did com-
pose,
And a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there;
But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is join'd to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;
And thanks be to heav'n we've yet plenty of those.
O! the kail-brose, &c.



BANKS OF DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can you bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye sing, ye little birds,
While I'm sae wearie fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That warble on the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I stray'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And hear ilk bird sing o' its love,
 As fondly sae did I of mine:
 Wi' lightsome heart I pou't a rose,
 Sae sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause love has stown the rose,
 And left the sharpest thorn to me.

O blaw, ye flow'rs, your bonnie bloom,
 And draw the wild birds to the burn!
 For Lumon promis'd me a ring,
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
 O na, na, na, ye needna bloom!
 My een are dim and drowsy worn:
 Ye bonnie birds, ye needna sing,
 For Lumon never will return.

My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
 At dawning day by Doon ye'se hear;
 At mid-day, by the willow green,
 For him I'll shed the silent tear.
 Sweet birds! I ken ye'll pity me,
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
 While echo wakes, to aid the mane
 I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep—
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low a voice she heard,
 Say—"Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be;
 She saw young Sandy, shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 "O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 "It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 "Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me!
 "Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 "We toss'd upon the raging main,
 "And long we strove our bark to save,
 "But all our striving was in vain.
 "Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 "My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 "The storm is past, and I at rest,
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me!
 "O maiden dear! thyself prepare,
 "We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 "Where love is free from doubt and care,
 "And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!" *

~~~~~

### THE LEE RIGG.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O;

\* "The Mary alluded to in this song, is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, Galloway. The Poet was a Mr. ALEXANDER LOWE, who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called Pompey's Ghost." ]  
 was a native of Galloway, and resided some time at Airds; it appears that he afterwards emigrated to America. Little more is known respecting him.

And cuddle there fu' kindly  
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?  
At thorny bush, or birken tree,  
We'll daff, and never weary, O;  
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,  
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;  
But lav'rock's whistling in the air  
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.  
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,  
And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee my pleasure grows  
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,  
Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O;  
And monie a heavy sigh I gie,  
When absent frae my dearie, O:  
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,  
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,  
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare thro' the birks the burnie rows,  
Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O,  
Upon the bonnie greensward howes,  
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.  
I've courted till I've heard the crow  
Of honest Chanticleerie, O,  
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,  
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er sae dark,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lee rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.

While in this weary warld of wae,  
 This wilderness sae dreary, O,  
 What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae?  
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.\*



### MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"The Dusky Glen."

SAIR, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean,  
 And sair, sair I sigh'd, while the tears stood in my eer  
 For my daddie is but poor, and my fortune is sae sma  
 It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days gane, and sae happy I hae beer  
 When wandering wi' my dearie, where the primros  
 blows unseen,

I'm wae to leave my lassie, an' my daddie's cot ava,  
 Or to leave the healthfu' breeze of Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever beer  
 Then tho' ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear them :  
 Tho' aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still l  
 true,

Then blaw, ye fav'ring breezes, till my native land I vie  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfe  
 tear shall fa',

And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

\* The two first stanzas of this song were written by FERGI  
 SON,—the rest of it is commonly attributed to Mr. WILLI  
 REID, Bookseller in Glasgow—a Gentleman to whom we are  
 debted for several very pleasing songs. It is evident, howev  
 that some portion of the above verses attributed to him, partic  
 larly the first four lines of the last stanza, are adopted from  
 excellent song under the same title, much older than poor FE  
 GUSSON'S.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snow,  
Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When nature first began  
To try her cannie hand, John,  
Her master-work was *man*;  
And you amang them a' John,  
Sae trig frae tap to toe,  
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na think it strange, John,  
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;  
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,  
I never think ye so,  
But I think ye're aye the same to me,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms;  
And sae are ye in mine, John—  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen,  
John Anderson, my jo.



John Anderson, my jo, John,  
What pleasure does it gie,  
To see sae many sprouts, John,  
Spring up 'tween you and me;  
And ilka lad and lass, John,  
In our footsteps to go,  
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John,  
Will bring us to our last:  
But let na' that affright us, John,  
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,  
While in innocent delight we lived,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And monie a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo. \*

\* In the first volume of a collection, entitled, *Poetry, ginal and Selected*, printed by Messrs. Brash & Reid of Glasgow, this Song was first said to have been *improved by R Burns*. It is now usually printed as it appeared in that collection, and Dr. CURRIE of Liverpool gives the following marks upon it. "The stanza with which this song, inserted by Messrs. Brash and Reid, begins, is the chorus of the song under this title; and though perfectly suitable to wicked, but witty ballad, it has no accordance with the *of delicate and tender sentiment* of this improved song. I

## JEAN ANDERSON, MY JO.

WHAN Nature first began, Jean,  
 To try her cannie hand,  
 It's true she first made *Man*, Jean,  
 An' ga'e him great command;  
 But naething wad content him, Jean,  
 Tho' king o' a' below,  
 Till Heaven in pity sent him, Jean,  
 What maist he wished,— a jo !

Tho' some may say I'm auld, Jean,  
 An' say the same o' thee,  
 Ne'er fret to hear it tauld, Jean,  
 You still look young to me :  
 An' weel I mind the day, Jean,  
 Your breast was white as snow,  
 An' waist sae jimp, ane might it span,—  
 Jean Anderson, my jo !

gard to the five other additional stanzas, though they are in the spirit of the two stanzas that are unquestionably our Bard's, yet every reader of discernment will see they are by an inferior hand ; and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world as the production of Burns. If there were no other mark of their spurious origin, the sixth line of the sixth stanza, *Our hearts were ne'er our foe*, would be proof sufficient. Many are the instances in which our Bard has adopted defective rhymes, but a single instance cannot be produced, in which, to preserve the rhyme, he has given a feeble thought in false grammar. These additional stanzas are not however without merit, and they may serve to prolong the pleasure which every person of taste must feel, ~~thus~~ listening to a most happy union of beautiful music, with ~~great~~ sentiments that are singularly interesting." In conformity to the judgment of Dr. CURRIE, the verse usually printed *first is here omitted*; one of those which are indisputably Burns is substituted in its place,—the other stands last.

Our bonnie bairns' bairns, Jean,  
Wi' rapture do I see,  
Come toddlin' to the fire-side,  
Or sit upon my knee:  
If there is pleasure here, Jean,  
Or happiness below,  
This surely maun be likest it,  
Jean Anderson, my jo!

Tho' age has sillar'd owre my pow,  
Sin' we were first acquent,  
An' changed my glossy raven locks,  
It's left us still content;  
An' eild ne'er comes alane, Jean,  
But aft brings mony a wo,  
Yet we've nae cause for sic complaint,  
Jean Anderson, my jo!

In innocence we've spent our days,  
An' pleasant looks the past;  
Nae anxious thoughts alarm us,  
We're cheerfu' to the last:  
Till Death knock at our door, Jean,  
And warn us baith to go,  
Contented we will live an' love,  
Jean Anderson, my jo!

It's now a lang, lang time, Jean,  
Sin' you an' I begun  
To sprachel up life's hill, Jean;  
Our race is nearly run;  
We baith hae done our best, Jean,  
Our sun is wearin' low;  
Sae let us quietly sink to rest,  
Jean Anderson, my jo!

## DONALD OF DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the blythest lad  
That e'er made love to me;  
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,  
He seems so gay and free;  
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,  
And in his plaid he looks so neat,  
It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,  
Young Sandy follows me,  
And fain he wants to be my love,  
But ah! it canna be.  
Tho' mither frets both air and late,  
For me to wed this youth I hate;  
There's none need hope to gain young Kate  
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
The ring he show'd to me,  
And bade me name the bridal-day,  
Then happy wou'd he be.  
I ken the youth will ay prove kind,  
Nae mair my mither will I mind,  
Mess John to me shall quickly bind  
Young Donald of Dundee.



## TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell;  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed? \*

\* The following information respecting this song has been lected by BURNS. " In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, he us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which s are marked with the letters D. C. &c.—Old Mr. TYTLER *Woodhouselee*, the worthy and able defender of the beaut

## THE LAMMIE.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?  
 Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?  
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
 Meadow green and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?  
 I gat her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn, my boy Tammy?  
 I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true!—  
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
 Lammie!

queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C. in the *Teatable*, were the composition of a Mr. CRAWFORD, of the house of Achnanes, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France.—As TYTLER was most intimately acquainted with ALLAN RAMSAY, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of Tweedside is Mr. CRAWFORD's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was a ROBERT CRAWFORD; the Mary he celebrates, was a MARY STEWART, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards married to a Mr. JOHN RITCHIE." In opposition to the above, however, Mr. WALTER SCOTT, in a note to his *Marmion*, informs us that *Tweedside* was composed in honour of a Miss MARY LILLIAS SCOTT, of the Harden family,—a lady who has been also celebrated as the *Flower of Yarrow*.

I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've walth o' plenishen and geer;  
 Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gade aff her bonnie face—I maun na le  
 my mammy;  
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—  
 My father's death brought monie waes—  
 I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain ki  
 hearted Lammie!  
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
 The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,—  
 There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?  
 She has been to kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her ee,—  
 But O! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.



#### TODLEN BUTT, AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thum,  
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town:  
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;  
 O! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?*

Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale,  
*She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,*

Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',  
We'll take a good scour o't, and ca't awa.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed feet;  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:  
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,  
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.*

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee;  
That's a blyth sight to the bairnies and me,

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.\**



### THE WEE THING.

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin?  
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?

\* There is a remark of BURNS's on this song, upon which there may exist some diversity of opinion. He says, "it is perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed;" meaning undoubtedly that it is the *first*, not in point of *time*, but in point of *merit*. Let this, however, be as it may, it is certain there are thousands of sterling, honest hearts, in this and every other country, who have often experienced the force and truth of one line of it in particular—"O! poverty parts good company."



Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;  
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—  
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin,  
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;  
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Sweet ware the kisses that she ga'e to me!

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:  
Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!  
She never loo'd onie, till ance she loo'd me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:  
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—  
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
It was then your true love I met by the tree:  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet ware the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!—  
Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your  
scorning:  
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling.—  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
*Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!*

Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!  
 Is it my true love here that I see!  
 O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;  
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

~~~~~  
 THE BANKS O' GLAIZART.

TUNE—"Locherock Side."

Now flow'ry summer comes again,
 And decks my native, bonnie plain,
 While feather'd warblers swell the strain,
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.
 Our woody, wild, romantic glens,
 Our flow'ry groves, and fairie dens,
 Form heart-enliv'ning, charming scenes,
 Aroun' the banks o' Glaizart.

In childhood's days, sweet dawn o' life,
 Unknown to sorrow, care, and strife,
 Aft hae I rov'd 'mid pleasures rife,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
 There too, fair Jeanie, maid o' glee,
 In youthfu' days engag'd my e'e,
 And first her mou I blythe did prie,
 Upon thy banks, sweet Glaizart.

O charming are the tow'ring Fells,
 Whare rural pleasure kindly dwells;
 And lovely are the blooming belles,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart.
 Here Nature's han', in days o' yore,
 That after-swains might her adore,
 Bequeath'd the peerless gifts, in store,
 That grace thy banks, sweet Glaizart:

Yes, wi' that bonnie Clachan Glen,
 Whare birdies chant the artless strain,
 Her warks she crown'd—and mark'd her ain
 The bonnie banks o' Glaizart.

Eclipsing a' her favours high,
 She blythe proclaim'd wi' smiling eye,
 "Now, never now, shall scene outvie
 "The bonnie banks o' Glaizart." *



THE FLOWER OF CALEDONIA.

SINCE uncle's death I've lads anew,
 That never came before to woo;
 But to the laddie I'll be true,
 That loo'd me first of onie, O :
 I've lads anew since I've got gear,
 Before, my price they'd hardly speer;
 But nane to me is half so dear,
 As my true lover Johnnie, O.

Weel do I mind o' auld langsyne,
 How they wou'd laugh at me and mine;
 Now I'll pay them back in their ain coin,
 And show them I love Johnnie, O.

* This song, written by a young man, a native of the place where the scene is laid, was obtained from him for insertion, along with some others, in consequence of a special request to that purpose.

Glaizart is a beautiful winding streamlet in the parish of Campsie : it rises in the northern part of the lofty ridge of mountain called the *Campsie Fells*, meanders through the romantic glen of Glen-Dawin and the Clachan, and runs through the most fertile haughs and meadows in that part of the parish, till it joins the Kelvin near the borough of Kirkintilloch.—The Clachan Glen alluded to in the 4th verse, lies at the back of the romantic village of the *Clachan*, between two ridges of the *Fells*.—These verses were written in summer, (1815) when, enrob'd in Nature's richest mantle, it formed one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes in the west of Scotland.

Weel mind I, in my youthfu' days,
How happy I've been gath'rin' slaes,
And rowin' on yon breckan braes,
Wi' the flower of Caledonia.

The Laird comes o'er and tells my dad,
That surely I am turning mad,
And tells my mam I lo'e a lad
That's neither rich nor bonnie, O.
The Laird is but a silly gowk,
An' tho' my Johnnie has nae stock,
Yet he's the flow'r o' a' the flock,
And the pride of Caledonia.

When to the Laird I wrought for fee,
He wadna look nor speak to me,
But now at breakfast, dine, and tea,
He'd fain mak me his cronie, O;
But sure as gowd cures the heart-ach,
It's only for my siller's sake;
The mair o' me that they a' make,
The mair I lo'e my Johnnie, O.

But now my wedding day is set,
When I'll be married to my pet,
With pleasure I will pay the debt,
I've awn sae lang to Johnnie, O.
Come, fiddler, now cast aff your coat,
We's dance a reel upon the spot,
Play Jockie's made a wedding o't,
I've sign'd my cockernonie, O.

Now laddies keep your lassies till't,
And lassies a' your coaties kilt,
And let us hae a canty lilt,
Since I hae got my Johnnie, O;
I've got my heart's desire at last,
Tho' many frowns between us past,
And since we're tied baith hard and fast,
May peace crown Caledonia.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;
 And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in, although I should die;
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

They winna bught, &c.

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
 Though butter and cheese, and a' should e'en sour,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae lang hauf hour:
 It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'se e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.



THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore,
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,—
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr! *

* POOR BURNS! He "composed this song as he convoyed his chest so far on the road to Greenock, where he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica." He thought it was to be "the last he should ever measure in Caledonia." He "had taken the last farewell of his few friends," and he meant it "as a farewell dirge to his native land." This was at a period of his life when he was known only to a few. He had not as yet been raised to that pinnacle of celebrity he afterwards occupied. The fame of his genius had not yet been so widely spread as to break down those barriers which custom generally interposes to preclude freedom of intercourse betwixt men of different ranks in life. He had thus been prevented from entering those circles of society so congenial to his soul, and in which he was so well qualified to shine.—But he had long struggled with severe labour and relent-

THE LAIRD.

TUNE—" *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*"

THE Laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty:
 Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

less poverty; and, to add to his distress, the fruits of a connexion he had formed with JEAN ARMOUR (afterwards Mrs. BURNS) became so apparent, that he was obliged to take immediate steps to prevent the disgrace which was likely to ensue. He proposed two honourable expedients to her parents. The first was to make confession of an irregular marriage, then embark for Jamaica, and there endeavour to provide the means of maintaining his wife. The other was to remain at home, if more agreeable to them, and by his labours preserve her from want till circumstances became more favourable. They were pleased, however, with neither of these propositions; but judged it more proper that the marriage papers should be cancelled. Miss ARMOUR yielded, though reluctantly; and the Laird was obliged to acquiesce in a sentence which he knew to be unjust, but which he had no power to control. Still, however, he was bent on doing her justice; and as his prospects were so gloomy in his own country, he determined on seeking in Jamaica that competence without which he well knew he could never expect the consent of her parents to their union. It is known that he was at length deterred from his purpose by the hopes some of his friends had excited of the success that might attend the publication of his Poems in Edinburgh, *whither he shortly afterwards repaired, and met with a reception equal to his highest wishes.*

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green,
On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
The lily's hue, and rose's dye,
Bespake the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine.
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day have joys divine
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle. *

* This song has been considered, and perhaps with justice, one of the richest and most finished effusions of BURNS's Muse. The name of the heroine has not been mentioned, but it has been said that she was "a celebrated beauty of the West of Scotland" and that "the charms of her person corresponded with the character of her mind." Our Bard's rencontre with her was not fortuitous, nor did he leave her long in ignorance of the enthusiasm she had inspired. The following is an extract from the letter sent to her, inclosing the song. It is highly descriptive, both of the surrounding scenery, and of his own feelings at the moment, and is, perhaps, one of the finest passages to be found in his writings, or indeed, in any writings in the English language.

"The scenery was nearly taken from real life, though I say, Madam, you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *revoir* as he wandered by you. I had run out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or verdant spreading leaf.—It was a golden moment for a poet's heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their melody on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your monitions, endeavours to please him, can eye your elusive flight, discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the profusion nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nest!

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

Oh! tell me, oh tell me bonnie young lassie!
 Oh tell me young lassie how for to woo!
 Oh tell me, oh tell me bonnie sweet lassie!
 Oh tell me sweet lassie how for to woo!
 Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
 Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
 Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?—
 Oh! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to see the dear lassie!
 Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea!
 Far hae I ventur'd owre moorland and mountain,
 Houseless, and wearie, sleep'd cauld on the lea!
 Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luv to onie;
 For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;
 Now we're alane in the green-wood sae bonnie!—
 Oh! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo!

Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what
 part at such a time but must have been interested in its welfare,
 and wished it preserved from the rudely-browsing cattle, or the
 withering eastern blast? Such was the scene—and such the
 our, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fair-
 est pieces of Nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic
 landscape, or met a poet's eye; those visionary bards excepted
 who hold commerce with ærial beings! Had Calumny and Vil-
 any taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal
 enmity with such an object.

"What an hour of inspiration for a Poet! It would have
 raised plain, dull, historic prose into metaphor and measure.

"The enclosed song was the work of my return home; and
 perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected
 from such a scene."

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie!
 What care I for your crossing the sea!
 It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy;
 It was for my tocher ye cam to court me;—
 Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gawdie?
 Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots enew?
 A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie
 Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gawdie!
 I canna buy ribbons and perlins enew!
 I've naithing to brag o' house, or o' plenty!
 I've little to gie but a heart that is true—
 I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie;
 I never loo'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow.—
 I've wander'd, poor fool! for a face fause as bor
 —I little thought this was the way for to woo

Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning!
 Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou!
 Hae na ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,
 What mair, my dear Johnnie, need ye to woo?
 Far hae ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll ne'er gang gaw
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is tru

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;
 The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee;
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit
 And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.—
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his h
 And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou;
 And aye 'tween ilk smack she sigh'd to her John
 Oh! laddie! oh laddie!—*weel* can ye woo!

BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunnie brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
Nor about Jamie tak a care,
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,
Out owre the muir to Maggie:
I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
"That Bess was but a gawkie."

"For when a civil kiss I seek,
"She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
"And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
"Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
"But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
"She'll gie a score without offence;
"Now gie me ane into the mense,
"And ye shall be my dawtie."

'O Jamie, ye hae monie ta'en,
'But I will never stand for ane
'Or twa when we do meet again,
'So ne'er think me a gawkie.'
"Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
"Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
"Or onie thy sweet face that see,
"E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speal
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,

I trow he likes the gawkie.

"O dear Bess, I hardly knew,

"When I came by your gown sae new;

"I think you've got it wet wi' dew."

Quoth she, 'that's like a gawkie;

'It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,

'And I'll get gowns when it is gane;

'Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,

'And tell it to your dawtie.'

The guilt appeared in Jamie's cheek;

He cry'd, "O cruel maid, but sweet,

"If I should gang anither gate,

"I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,

And left poor Jamie sair to rue,

That ever Maggie's face he knew,

Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.

As they gade owre the muir they sang,

The hills and dales wi' echo rang,

The hills and dales wi' echo rang,

'Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.'*

* It is not exactly known who composed either the the Music of *Bess the Gawkie*. "The Song shows," BURNS observes, "that the Scottish Muses did not 2 when we lost RAMSAY and OSWALD, as I have good re lieve that the verses and music are both posterior to t these two Gentlemen.—It is a beautiful song, and in t Scottish taste. We have few pastoral compositions, pastoral of nature, that are equal to this." OSWALD a Music-seller in London, published a large collection tunes called the *Caledonian's Pocket Companion*, and wise celebrated both as a composer and performer music.

MARY, O.

TUNE—" *Gloomy Winter's now awa.*"

TRILLING Harp, come let us sing,
Come let me brace ilk gowden string,
And warble owre some bonnie spring,

In praise o' my sweet Mary, O.
The lay along let sweetly move,
Freely let the love-notes rove,
Peerless, yea, resound my love,
My blythe, my bonnie Mary, O.
For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,
Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;
Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,
My blythe, my darling Mary, O.

Tho' BURNS divine, in rapture keen,
Sang sweetly o' his "*Bonnie Jean*,"
She scarcely e'er in shape or mien,
Could match my bonnie Mary, O.
Tho' TANNAHILL, in numbers fain,
Extoll'd his "*Jessie o' Dumblane*,"
And tho' her praises charm ilk swain,
Excell'd she's now by Mary, O.
O had thae twa sweet Bards but seen
This blooming maid o' bonnie mien,
They'd tun'd their heav'nly lyres I ween,
And *peerless* made my Mary, O.

Ye pow'rs aboon, O guard frae harms
The maid whase smile my bosom warms,
And lang endow'd wi' rowth o' charms,
Let bloom my bonnie Mary, O.
O guide her thro' this dreary vale,
O' sorrow, trouble, woe, and wail,
And heav'n-ward when she soars, entail
Eternal bliss on Mary, O.

For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,
 Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;
 Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,
 My blythe, my darling Mary, O. *



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie

*O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming Highland lad
 May heaven still guard, and love rewa.
 The Lawland lass and her Highland l*

If I were free at will to choose,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak young Donald without trows,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
 In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
 Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,
 He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie

O my bonnie, &c.

* This piece, by no means unworthy of some of our best
 is by the author of the "Banks of Glairart."

SCOTTISH SONGS.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.

*O my bonnie, &c. **



ADDRESS TO CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

CALEDONIA, my country, thy rivers and fountains,
And green fertile vallies, exulting I sing:

* Since the foolish and fruitless attempts of the Stewart family to regain possession of the British throne,—their right which had been declared null by the voice of the nation, in consequence of their frequent violations of the public law, and subsequent voluntary abandonment of the country,—the *Highland Laddie* has been a favourite theme with the Scottish Muses. Accordingly there have been several songs, as well as tunes, of this name, all of them more or less tinged with Jacobitism; but, except the one here given, and another of later date to a different tune, which will appear afterwards, none of them, perhaps, possess merit enough to render them worthy of a lasting celebrity.

How pleasant thy sweet blooming moorlands and mountains,

When dressed in the gaudy profusion of spring;
When fann'd by the soft summer sea breeze thy shore is;
When flocks bleat around us, and woods pour their chorus;

And mild morning beams gild the landscape before us,
All sparkling with dew-drops—How charming the scene!

Healthy thy clime is, of mild temperature,

Remote from the rage of the polar extremes,
And distant from regions where languishing Nature
Melts in the blaze of the sun's torrid beams.

Happy land! where no raging volcanoes are roaring;
Where no serpents hiss, no fell monster devouring;
No clouds stored with death in thy horizon low'ring;
Nor pestilence floats on thy wind's breezy wing.

While, daring and prudent, thy sons fill their stations;
Scarce equalled in Arts, and unrivalled in arms;
For learning, thy fame resounds through the Nations;
And peerless, thy daughters, in virtue and charms.
From times unrecorded thy freedom descended,
Through ages of heroes, whose broad sword defended
Thy Charters—while foes saw their vengeance expended
Against thy wild mountains and borders in vain.

Be plenty, my country, and peace thy possession,
And freedom's bright sun-beams illumine thy clear day;
And far from thy shores be all want and oppression;
While virtue's bold streams sweep corruption away.
May friendship unite, and may love, and affection,
And reason, thy children exalt to perfection:
To guard thy lov'd shores, be thy strength and protection,

While time rolls his ages unnumber'd away.*

* This song is the production of Mr. THOMAS SMITH, weaver in Calton of Glasgow. It is a piece of considerable poetical merit, and does great honour to the talents of the author.

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

WHAN war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,
 Twa vet'rans grown grey, wi' their muskets sair foil'd,
 Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd.
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
 But ay they look'd back on the days o' langsyne.

Heh, Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,
 The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
 And monie a brow chield we turn'd cauld on that day.
 Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
 Could our gen'ral but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do;
 Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still
 true:

We car'd na for dangers by land or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me:
 And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

Whan after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
 They shar'd o' our danger, though ever sae hard,
 Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward.
 Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
 And to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.



O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Comin' thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,

There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

*O'er the muir among the heather,
O'er the muir among the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.*

Says I, my dear, whare is thy hame?
In muir, or dale, pray tell me whither?
Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonnie blooming heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo ran a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang,
Was o'er the muir among the heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne
I cou'dna think on onie ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather.

*O'er the muir, &c. **

* We are probably indebted to BURNS for this Song, though he was not the author of it. He tells us "it is the composition of a JEAN GLOVER,—a girl who was not only a prostitute, but also a thief, and who, in one or other character, has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West.—She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock.—I took the song down from her singing, as she was *strolling* through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard."

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

TUNE—"Johnnie Macgill."

COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
 I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw:
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
 There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
 Ye might be my gutcher:—auld Donald, gae 'wa,
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
 O nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kin'ly, I'll busk ye aye finely;
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father ay tauld me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 It's true. I loo Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
 But, waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer;
 I'm nae mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
 Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been alder than threescore and twa!

She cran in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a':
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, Women
 Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay brow.

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae brow,
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
 The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
 Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha ye marry,
 Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and they'll
 ca',
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and
 bonnie,
 And they'll gie ye a horn on ilk haffet to claw.



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear thro' the vale;
 The primroses blow in the dew's of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care?
 No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
 Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice?
 A king and a father to place on his throne!
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallics,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 rave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 ith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 ! can I make it no better return? *



NANCY.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

ie day in autumn, an' just i' the gloamin,
 an'rin' adown by the burnie sae clear,
 do you think I should meet in my roamin',
 Nancy, sweet Nancy, my ain only dear!
 ves o' the trees ware thick fa'in' around us,
 i' things look'd dowie but Nancy's fair face,
 ishin', she looked as the new ris'n moon does
 n first she peeps out o' the watery space!

ns does not seem to have intended this for a Jacobitical
 en he began to compose it. In a letter to one of his
 nclosing only the first verse, he says—"Yesterday, my
 as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless
 etween Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turn-
 oughts to Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, and
 rite air, Captain O'Kean, coming at length in my head,
 ese words to it.—I am tolerably pleased with the verses;
 ave only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to
 ry suit the measure of the music." The Gentleman, in
 clared himself highly delighted with the words, and the
 n which they fitted the tune; but, at the same time,
 esed a wish to have a verse or two more added in the
 style, and that they should be supposed to be "sung
 fatal field of Culloden by the unfortunate Charles."
 ice the Poet implicitly followed.

I gaz'd on her charms a' sae sweet an' invitin',
 An' cried, O! ye powers wha govern above!
 Sure woman was made for man to delight in;
 An' cauld is that breast ne'er enliven'd by love!
 For what can compare wi' the thrillin' emotion,
 The saft perturbation that swells i' the breast,
 The sigh that is breath'd wi' the utmost devotion,
 And the soul wi' delight an' wi' rapture opprest!

Whan Nature's asleep, an' the loud winds are roarin'
 Owre mountain an' dale, thro' valley an' tree,
 The charms o' my Nancy I still am adorin',
 For they are as spring or as summer to me!
 O fresh on her cheek are the new blawin' roses;
 Love flings his fond blinks frae the tail o' her ee;
 And deep in her bosom, there peace ay reposes,
 Wha'd banish it thence? O! it ne'er shall be me!



THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

TUNE—"Green grow the rushes."

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.*

Oh! were yon hills and valleys mine!
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea:
 But, while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw,
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!

Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!

To other lands I now must go

*To sing my Highland lassie, O! **

* "This," says BURNS, "was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she could embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And gild the meadows fair;
 Young Jockie, with the early dawn,
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny vow'd away to run
 With Jockie to the fair;
 For Jenny vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;
 With eager steps he trudg'd along;
 While flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear:
 He tap't the window, Haste my dear:
 Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there?
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 With Jockie to the fair;
 Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,
 My brother's up, and with the sheep,
 And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear?
 And will you ever constant prove?
 I will, by all the powers above!
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
 Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockie to the fair;
 Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride,
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there.

hen Jackie did his vows renew,
 e would be constant, would be true;
 is word was pledg'd, away she flew,
 'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jackie to the fair;
 O'er cowslips tipt, &c.

raptures meet the joyful throng
 heir gay companions blythe and young,
 ach joins the dance, each joins the song,
 To hail the happy pair;
 turns there's none so fond as they,
 hey bless the kind propitious day,
 he smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jackie to the fair;
 When lovely Jenny, &c.



MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

TUNE—" *Johnnie's Grey Brecks.* "

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the melting kiss:
 Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Wae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze:
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;

And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear:
Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree
That's twin'd till death shall them disj



BONNIE JEAN.

TUNE—"Ettrick Banks."

SEE spring her graces wild disclose,
Birds sweetly chant on ilka spray;

* We are informed by BURNS that "this song was of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, JOHN LAPRAIRIE Dalfram, near Muirkirk, which little property he was to sell, in consequence of some connexion as security for his sons concerned in that villanous bubble, THE AYR BUBBLE. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes." From this may be inferred, that this is the identical song alluded to in the following stanzas of BURNS's Epistle to J. LAPRAIRIE.

On fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address'd
To some sweet wife;
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

°Mang broomy knowes the shepherd goes,
While sportive lambkins round him play.
Enraptur'd now I take my way,
While joy enlivens a' the scene;
Down by yon shaded stream I stray,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Ye Kellburn groves, by spring attir'd,
Where zephyrs sport amang the flow'rs,
Your fairy scenes I've aft admir'd,
While jocund pass'd the sunnie hours.
But doubly happy in your bow'rs,
When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,
I wander whare your streamlet pours,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,
Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,
Thro' foreign lands let av'rice roam,
An' for her prize unceasing toil;
Give me fair nature's vernal smile,
The shelter'd grove, and daisied green,
I'll happy tread my native soil,
To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.



WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flow'rs bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
 Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 Na, na, it winna do;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gie'd him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cry'd,
 Na, na, it winna do,
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to



LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me:
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me.
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain:

I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

"RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been served as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in spirit of the air."

THIS IS NO MINE AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—" *This is no mine ain House.*"

*O this is no mine ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be;
 O weel ken I mine ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.*

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and ta
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in the ee.

O this is no, &c.



SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.

When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll;
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd, fluttering heart,
But virtue only is the chain,
Holds, never to depart.



THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.

When tedding out the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth;
Breasts in their rising dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his han'.
Through all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I a' that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.*

* BURNS, in one of his letters, remarks, that "*The Lass of Patie's Mill* is one of RAMSAY'S best songs.—In Sir JOHN SINCLAIR'S Statistical volumes, are two claims, one, I think, from Aberdeenshire, and the other from Ayrshire, for the honour of

HER BLUE ROLLIN' EE.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.*"

Y lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning
 Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;
 ho' sweet is the vi'let, new blown i' the morning,
 As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' ee.
 say, what is whiter than snaw on the mountain?
 Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
 es, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,
 And bonnie her face as the red rose can be.

ee yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild wood,
 Hedg'd round wi' sweet briar and green willow tree;
 'Twas yonder I spent the first days of my childhood,
 And first felt the power o' a love-rollin' ee.
 bough soon frae my hame and my lassie I wander'd,
 Though lang I've been tossing on fortune's rough sea,
 y dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd;
 Ay dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' ee.

for the evening, and O for the hour,
 When down by yon greenwood she promis'd to be;
 Then quick as the summer dew dries on the flower,
 A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.

is song. The following anecdote, which I had from the present
 r WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, of Robertland, who had it of the
 te JOHN, Earl of Loudon, I can, on such authorities, believe.
 ALLAN RAMSAY was residing at Loudon Castle with the then
 ur, father to Earl JOHN; and one forenoon, riding or walking
 t together, his Lordship and ALLAN passed a sweet romantic
 ot on Irvine water, still called "Patie's Mill," where a bonnie
 as was "tedding hay, bareheaded on the green." My Lord
 served to ALLAN, that it would be a fine theme for a song.
 Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind, he composed the
 st sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

Let Art and let Nature display their proud trees
Let Paradise boast o' what ance it could gie
As high is my bliss, and as sweet is my pleasur
In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue



LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and vallies gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'r
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile.
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye mak monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes! *



BONNIE DUNDEE.

O **WHARE** gat ye that hauvermeal bannock?
 O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?

* This song is highly characteristic of the mind of **BURNS**, both on account of the fine rural imagery it contains, and the noble burst of indignant resentment, with which it finishes, against those who make a trade of embroiling mankind, and of spreading, by means of war, misery and desolation over the face of society. The temper in which it was composed is thus described, by the Poet himself, in the letter which accompanied it to the Editor of the Musical work in which it made its first appearance.—“ Have you ever, my dear Sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*; and it occurred to me that its querulous melody had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer; and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit.”

I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,
 Atween Saint Johnstoun and bonnie Dundee
 O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me't!
 Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
 May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie,
 My blessings upon that bonnie ee-bree!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie bank,
 Where Tay rins wimplin bye sae clear,
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.



I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily white;
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I loo best:
Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' monie a hill between,
Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springa,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't,)
Except her love for me:
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees;
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's ay sae neat and clean;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
 Hae past atween us twa!
 How fain to meet, how wae to part
 That day she gade awa!
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean! *



I LOO'D NEAR A LADDIE BUT ANE.

TUNE—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."

I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He loo'd ne'er a lassie but me;
 He's willing to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I'm willing to be:
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

* BURNS says he "composed this song out of compliment to Mrs. BURNS;" but he adds the following—"N. B. It was during the Honey Moon." It appears, however, that the first two verses only are the production of BURNS. By whom the rest were composed is unknown to the Editor of this Work.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree;
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen—poor fool! and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, tho' we've naething but health,
Are cantie and leel evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue;
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
Waes me! can I tak it amiss!
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,
He's free ay to daut and to kiss!
Ye lassies wha loo to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gien my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fa-
 But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.
 O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill, hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside;
 What nonsense is't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them.
 Let whig and tory all agree,
 Whig and tory, whig and tory,
 Let whig and tory all agree
 To drop their whigmegmorum.

* This is undoubtedly one of BURNS's best songs. He has himself given the following account of it. "These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss CHARLOTTE HAMILTON, who is now married to JAMES M'KITRICK ADAIR, Esq. Physician. She is sister to my worthy friend GAVIN HAMILTON, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Herveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.

Let whig and tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And onie sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him:
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To mak a cheerfu' quorum;
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase
 Wi' bringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For hauf a hunder score o'm.
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Dowff and dowie, dowff and dowie,
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum:
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end.

Be a' that's gude before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'm:
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him:
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the jills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel of Tullochgorum. *

* "This first of songs," says Burns, "is the master-piece of my old friend SKINNER. He was passing the day, at the town of Cullen I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery.—Mrs. MONTGOMERY observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr. SKINNER, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad."

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And custocks in Stra'bogie,
 Whaur ilka lad maun hae his lass,
 But I maun hae my coggie.

*For I maun hae my coggie, troth,
 I canna want my coggie;
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.*

Johnnie Smith has got a wife
 Wha scrimps him o' his coggie;
 But were she mine, upon my life,
 I'd dook her in a bogie.

*For I maun hae my coggie, troth,
 I canna want my coggie;
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.*

'Twa-three todlin weans hae they,
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
 She curses ay his coggie:

*Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
 Oh, wae betide the coggie!
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills
 That happen in Stra'bogie.*

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
 And what they maist did laugh at,
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet:

*Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
 Oh, wae betide the coggie
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills
 That happen in Stra'bogie.*

Yet here's to ilka honest soul,
 Wha'll drink wi' me a coggie;
 And for ilk silly whingin fool,
 We'll dook him in the bogie;

*For I maun hae my coggie, Sirs,
 I canna want my coggie;
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the queans in Bogie.*



ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
 O! bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,

And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine! *



THE SPINNING O'T.

TUNE—"Rock and wee pickle tow."

Now Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa,
And simmer, we've seen the beginning o't;
've lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
And sair hae I tir'd o' the spinning o't:

* It appears that these beautiful verses were the production of RICHARD HEWIT, a young man that Dr. BLACKLOCK kept for many years as an amanuensis. He was a native of Cumberland, and was taken, when a boy, during the Doctor's residence at that quarter, to lead him. He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service.—Among them are the following lines:

"How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
Whistled or sung some Fair distrest,
When fate would steal a tear."

Alluding," as it is said in a note, "to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser."—*Blacklock's Poems.*

For when we were married our cleeding was thin,
 And poortith, ye ken, made me eident to spin,
 'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
 And blessings hae followed the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
 Ware blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 And ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be't thaw,
 My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
 But now we've a pantry baith muckle and fu'
 O' ilka thing gude for to gang in the mou';
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and snaw
 Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:
 O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe;
 But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was büt sma',
 And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
 And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
 But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',
 Fu' neat and fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
 And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been o' the beginning o't.



THE FRIEND THAT'S AWA.

THE winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
Our seed-time was late, and our mauling was dear;

fy mither tint heart when she look'd on us a',
 and we thought upon them that were farest awa!
)! were they but here that are farest awa!
)! were they but here that are dear to us a'!
 Our cares wou'd seem light, and our sorrows but sma',
 if they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded wi' fear,
 And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer;
 Our Johnnie has written, frae far awa parts,
 A letter that lightens and hands up our hearts.
 He says, " My dear Mither, tho' I be awa,
 ' In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
 ' While I hae a being, yese aye hae a ha',
 ' Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoy'd at this change in her state,
 By the bairn that she doated on early and late,
 Gies thanks, night and day, to the GIVER OF A',
 There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa!
 Then, here is to them that are far frae us a',
 The friend that ne'er fail'd us, tho' farest awa!
 Health, peace, and prosperity, wait on us a'!
 And a blythe coming-hame to the friend that's awa! *



NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 Heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;

* This is another of the productions of Mr. JOHN MAYNE, and certainly adds not a little to the fame he has already acquired as a writer of Scottish Song. As the Editor is uncertain whether it has been set to original music, he has refrained from giving a tune for it.

And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird :
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me sair down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame. *

* BURNS thought that "when political combustion ceased to be the object of princes and patriots, it then became the lawful prey of historians and poets." The propriety of the sentiment cannot be questioned. He has accordingly given many of his pieces a political tinge, that would have been attended with serious consequences to himself, had they been written half a century ago. In this respect, the piece here given is not the least remarkable of his productions. The allusions are too palpable to be mistaken ; but, on this account, it would be unjust in the extreme, to challenge, as has too often been done, either the rectitude or the loyalty of the Bard's principles. The recollection of fallen greatness is calculated to inspire generous feelings even in the most common minds. BURNS, it is well known, was keenly alive to these feelings. Without supposing, therefore, that he was unfriendly to the Protestant Succession, or that he seriously wished to see the return of our exiled kings, we can easily account for those pieces in which he has attempted to commemorate the heroic valour of those who strove to support the tottering hopes of the latter—valour worthy of a nobler cause, and of a happier fortune.

THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

TUNE—"Old Highland Laddie."

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;
 The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near
 But my luv'e's plaid amang the heather:
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie;
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Close to his breast he held me fast;—
 Sae cozie, warm, we lay thegither;
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
 As my luv'e's plaid amang the heather!
 O my bonnie, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;
 My lightsome heart grew like a feather;
 It lap sae quick I cou'dna speak,
 But silent sigh'd amang the heather.
 O my bonnie, &c.

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;
 I hameward ran and tauld my mither;
 She gloom'd at first, but soon confest
 The bowls row'd right amang the heather.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
 Where Will and I fresh flowers will gather;
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
 Kind-hearted lad amang the heather.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie;
 Should storms appear, my Will's ay near
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.

SONG OF DEATH.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye sk
 Now gay with the bright setting sun !
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !
 Our race of existence is run.
 Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave !
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.
 Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hand
 Our King and our Country to save ;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave ! *



MARY.

TUNE—" *The Ewe-bughts, Marion.*"

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic's roar ?

* We are told in one of BURNS's letters, that the circumstance which gave rise to this beautiful song, was looking with a musical friend, McDONALD's collection of Highland or, *The Song of Death*, he was so much struck as to think of adapting stanzas to it. " This poem was accordingly written in 1791. It was printed in *Johnson's Musical Museum*. The author had an intention, in the latter part of his life, of printing it separately, set to music, but was advised against it. The martial ardour which rose so high afterwards, on the threatened invasion, had not then acquired the tone necessary to give popularity to a noble poem ; which seems more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence, in a season of real and pressing danger, than any of modern times. It is here printed with his last correct

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
 And the apple upon the pine,
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand ;
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us !
 The hour and the moment o' time ! *

* It may be interesting to know BURNS's own opinion of this song, which seems to have been one of his youthful productions. In a letter to a correspondent he thus expresses it.—"In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merits of *Ewe-bughts*; but it will fill up this page. You must know, that all my earlier songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though they might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps would have cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*." In the above passage he certainly rates the merits of the piece much too low. Had he given it the "polish" of which he speaks, it might indeed have pleased the fastidious critic better; but it may be questioned if, in this case, he would have been forgiven by the admirers of his songs in general; for, if we mistake not, his songs were chiefly admired, not because they appear to be the offspring of a critical head, but because they bear the impression of a true and feeling heart.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

TUNE—"Paddy O'Rafferty."

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fi
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld master, and neibours sae de
 For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer;
 She can there afore the flow'r bloom'd on the
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stannin
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
 Fare ye weel Lucy, quo' Jamie, and ran in.
 —The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flitti
 Fare ye weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin'
 And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves ama

O what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tear come sae fast to my ee
 If I was na ettled to be onie better,
 Then what gars me wish onie better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither nor friend the poor lammie can see;
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbo
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me:
 Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbi
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Tho' now he said naething, but Fare ye weel, Lu
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see
 He could na say mair, but just Fare ye weel Luc
 Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

amb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit ;
 hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lee;
 Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit;
 thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
 weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
 I weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
 Annie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 is cauld in her grave, and will never return.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

lov' ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 gain thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Hast thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

What sacred hour can I forget?—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 here by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Memory will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,—
 My image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

He, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 All too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? *

* The Editor of the *Reliques of Burns* has the following remarks on the circumstance that gave birth to this exquisite effusion.—“ There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy or of sorrow, of despair or of hope, which, as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be termed the trials of the heart.—We treasure them deeply in our memory, and, as time glides silently away, they help us to number our days. Of this character was the parting of *Burns* with his *Highland Mary*, that interesting female, the first object of the youthful Poet's love. This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!

“ The anniversary of *Mary Campbell's* death (for that was her name) awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of *Ellisland*, and wandered, solitary, on the banks of the *Nith*, and about the farm-yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great that he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address to *Mary in Heaven*.”

THE MAN O' THE SEA.

TUNE—" *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*"

O WAE to the warriors!—they cause me to mourn
The absence of pleasures that ne'er may return;
They've taen my true lover, relentless, frae me,
And banish'd him far owre the dark rolling sea.

Tho' the rose blaws na there, tho' the grass grows na green,
But the loud-roaring billows are surging between,
The loud-roaring billows are music to me—
They bring to my mem'ry the Man o' the Sea.

How braw we were married the ither blythe year!
Syn'e a bonnie wee bairnie our joys to endear;
But ilka endearment is fled far frae me—
My heart's in exile wi' the Man o' the Sea.

They say he's no bonnie, they say he's no great,—
Unworthy my bosom—unworthy their state;
But, far though he's distant, and friendless he be,
They'll nane of them match wi' the Man o' the Sea.

Sedate i' the council, and brave i' the field,
The sword or the sceptre alike he could wield;
Wi' the bravest he prov'd ay the bravest to be—
Now gallantry mourns for the Man o' the Sea.

When I look on my bairnie my heart it beats sad;
In happier moments 'twas wont to beat glad:
We thought him the hope o' our fortune to be,
Nor e'er dreamt o' rocks in the dark-rolling sea.

But what is life's pleasure?—a beam wand'ring rare,
That breaks on the morning o' sunless despair:
Now the dark-low'ring tempest frowns angry on me,
And far is my solace—the Man o' the Sea.

Hard-hearted is fortune !—my heart it maun burn,
And friends mair hard-hearted forbid me to mourn;
But the fu' tide o' sorrow, deny'd to my ee,
Will burst frae my heart for the Man o' the Sea.*

* This original piece is the production of a gentleman at present residing in Glasgow,—but whose name the Editor is not liberty to mention. The allusions are obvious, and render explanation unnecessary. It will be at once observed that the point to real circumstances, and of a very recent date; but, must be confessed, the circumstances are such as somewhat neutralize the nationality of the song. The language, however, is sufficient to fix the country to which it ought to belong, particularly, as no good reasons can be assigned for considering circumstances and events foreign to Scottish history and manners as improper subjects of Scottish song; and when these circumstances and events affect the best feelings and affections of the human heart, reasons of every kind are still less to be regarded for no considerations whatever, either moral, philosophical, political, can possibly neutralize these affections, or prevent the inhabitant of one country from sympathizing with the native another, whose dearest feelings and tenderest affections may rudely and wantonly violated. The subject of the song under notice, presents a case exactly of this latter description. When the personage denominated the Man of the Sea once had occasion to go to Italy for a time, his wife, who is to be considered as the speaker in the song; and who may surely be supposed to love her husband without any shock to the best feelings that people have about them, was represented as uneasily anxious to visit Italy when he would have paid a visit to England some time ago, said she was busy learning the English language; and now he is held in durance on a barren and frightful rock in the midst of the Atlantic, we are told that she displays her sympathy by frequent visits to a valley of the same name, in the neighbourhood of her place of residence.

JESSIE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

TRUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;—
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain:
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.



THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in where it darena weel be seen;
 O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without
 a peer,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,
And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er re-
muve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering;
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
 The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting, at the ewe milking;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae. *



KATH'RINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grew so rarely;

* It appears that this song, although usually thought to be older than the one beginning—*I've seen the smiling*, &c. and in which, as Mr. Scott expresses it, "the manner of the ancients Minstrels is so happily imitated," is yet in reality of a later date. Respecting the author, Mr. Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, merely informs us, "that it was composed by a lady of family in Roxburghshire; but Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, as quoted in the *Life of Burns*, states, that it was written by the sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and fixes the date of it to about 1755. Mr. Ramsay also, as well as Mr. Scott, supposes it to have been written with a reference to the depopulation of the border districts, and particularly of those about Ettrick Forest, occasioned by the battle of Flodden; and he adds, "in spite of the double rhymes, it is a sweet, and, though in some parts allegorical, a natural expression of national sorrow."

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd, tho' it was foggie:
I ask'd her name; Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:—
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Excels each clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations,
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For they are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggie;
 Pity my case, ye Powers above!
 Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

~~~~~

### WANDERING WILLIE.

ERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;  
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,  
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Inter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee:  
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,—  
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

At, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Harken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

It, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. \*

The superior excellence of this beautiful poem has been  
 universally admitted; yet few or none of the productions of  
 the Bard have been more rigorously criticised. When the Bard  
 sent it to Mr. THOMPSON for insertion in his *Musical work*,

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,  
 And let us to the braes of Yarrow.  
 There will we sport and gather dew,  
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning:  
 There learn frae turtles to prove true:  
 O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,  
 And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blytheness appears o'er all the fields,  
 And nature looks mair fair and charming.  
 Learn frae the burns, that trace the mead,  
 Though on their banks the roses blossom,  
 Yet hastilie they flow to Tweed,  
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

it was the opinion both of that Gentleman and of the Hon. Mr. ERSKINE, that the verses, in some instances, did not exactly suit the music. Accordingly they set themselves about making what they thought the necessary amendments. These they afterwards transmitted to the Poet for his approbation. With his usual judgment, however, he rejected several of them, and adopted those only which corresponded with his own ideas respecting the characteristic qualities of a song. In the following passage, from the letter to Mr. THOMPSON accompanying the amended copy, these ideas are forcibly explained. "Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either, in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity: now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

te ye, haste ye, my bonnie Bell,  
 aste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;  
 1 free consent my fears repel,  
 ll with my love and care reward thee.  
 s sang I softly to my fair,  
 'ha rais'd my hopes wi' kind relenting:  
 ueen of smiles! I ask nae mair,  
 nce now my bonnie Bell's consenting.



### THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

e, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?  
 e, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?  
 ie with streaming banners, where noble deeds  
 lone,  
 sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.  
 gone, &c.

, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?  
 , tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?  
 t beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
 ie a blessing follow'd him, the day he gaed away.  
 welt, &c.

tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?  
 tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?  
 t with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 aid across his manly breast, that yet shall wear  
 r.  
 bonnet, &c.

ose, ah suppose that some cruel cruel wound  
 pierce your Highland Laddie's breast, and all  
 hopes confound!  
 e should play a cheerfu' strain, the banners  
 d him fly,  
 spirit of a Highland chief should glisten in his  
 ie pipe should play, &c.



But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie  
 bounds,  
 But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie  
 bounds,  
 His native land of liberty will nurse his glorious wounds,  
 While wide through all the Highland hills his warlike  
 name resounds.  
 His native land, &c. \*



#### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
 Ye jades, fling by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
*For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa.*

Rise up and mak a clean fireside;  
 Put on the muckle pat;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat:

\* This song is the production of Mrs. GRANT of Laggan, the writer of a volume of Poetry published several years ago, containing the *Highlanders, &c.* and of *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen*, a Poem. It was composed on occasion of the Marquis of Huntley's departure for the continent with his regiment in the year 1793.

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
He likes to see them braw.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

There are twa hens into the crib,  
Hae fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw;  
It's a' for love o' our gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

O gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop satin gown,  
And then gae tell the bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
And a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air;  
His very tread has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thirl'd thro' my heart,

They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part.  
 But what puts parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright drazy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

*For there's nae luck, &c.\**



#### TWEEDSIDE.

WHAN Maggy and I war acquaint,  
 I carried my noddle fu' hie;  
 Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,  
 Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.

\* "This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scotch language.—The two lines,

"And will I see his face again,

"And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost thing I ever heard or read; and the lines

The present moment is our ain,

The neist we never saw!"

are worthy of the first poet.—It is long posterior to 1771, or 72, it came first on the stage as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song is much anterior to that period."—Burns.

I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;  
 I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed:  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my luvie I did tell;  
 My tears did my passion express:  
 Alas! for I loo'd her owre weel,  
 And the women loo sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed. \*



#### FAIRFA' THE LASSES.

TUNE—" *Green grow the rushes.*"

*Fairfa' the lasses, O!*  
*Fairfa' the lasses, O!*  
*And dool and care still be his share,*  
*Wha doesna loo the lasses, O!*

Pale poverty an' girm'in' care,  
 How lang will ye harass us, O?  
 Yet light's the load we hae to bear,  
 If lessen'd by the lasses, O!

*Fairfa', &c.*

The rich may sneer as they gae by,  
 Or scornfully may pass us, O!  
 Their better lot let's ne'er envy,  
 But live and love the lasses, O!

*Fairfa', &c.*

\* The song here given lays claim to being the original Tweed-  
 e, and is said to have been composed by a Lord Yeats.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth?  
 Sic thoughts shou'd never fash us, O;  
 A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,  
 Content, an' bonnie lasses, O!

*Fairfa', &c.*

The ancient Bards, to shaw their skill,  
 Plac'd Muses on Parnassus, O;  
 But let them fable as they will,  
 My Muses are the lasses, O!

*Fairfa', &c.*

The drunkard cries, the joys o' wine  
 A' ither mirth surpasses, O,  
 But he ne'er kent the bliss divine,  
 That I hae wi' the lasses, O!

*Fairfa', &c.*

When I am wi' the chosen few,  
 The time fu' quickly passes, O,  
 But days are hours, an' less, I trow,  
 When I am wi' the lasses, O.

*Fairfa', &c.*

When joys abound, then let a round  
 Of overflowing glasses, O,  
 Gae brisk about, an' clean drink out;  
 The toast be—"Bonnie lasses," O!

*Fairfa' the lasses, O!*

*Fairfa' the lasses, O!*

*And dool and care still be his share,*

*Wha winna toast the lasses, O!*



#### THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer, approaching, rejoiceth the swain,

**The yellow hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,  
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow**

**There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn:  
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.**

**The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;  
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring:—**

**That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth  
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea:—**

**That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,  
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.**



#### CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.*

**As I gaed down the water side,  
There I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And ca'd me his dearie.**

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Will ye gang down the water side,  
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool;  
 And a' the day to sit in dool,  
 And nae body to see me.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
 Caul leather shoon upon your feet;  
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
 And ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;  
 And ye may row me in your plaid,  
 And I shall be your dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
 Till could death shall blin' my ee,  
 Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c. \**

\* The only information the Editor has been able to collect respecting this piece, is contained in the following passages from the Works of Burns. *First*, In a note upon it, as published in *Johnson's Musical Museum*, he says—"This beautiful song is in the true old Scottish taste; yet I do not know that either air, or words, were in print before." *Second*, In a letter to Mr. THOMPSON, the Editor of another Musical work published subsequently to *JOHNSON'S*, he writes,—"I am flattered at your a-

## LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,  
 The lofty hills surveying,  
 The water clear, the heather blooms,  
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,  
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
 I found her like May morning ;  
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
 While in my arms I press'd her !  
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
 As fondly I caress'd her.  
 She said, If that your heart be true,  
 If constantly you'll love me,  
 I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,  
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
 For ever you shall find me,  
 And of our meeting here so sweet,  
 Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.  
 Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,  
 I cried, no more we'll tarry !  
 We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,  
 For lovers soon should marry.

*adopting Ca' the ewes to the knowes*, as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. CLUNIE, who sung it charmingly ; and, at my request, Mr. CLARKE took it down from his singing. When I gave it to JOHNSON, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others."



## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree;  
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And monie a night we've merry been,  
 And monie mae we hope to be!

*We are na fou, &c.*

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

*We are na fou, &c.*

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!

*We are na fou, &c.*

\* This song is a well known production of BURNS'S. us that the air was composed by his friend MR. ALLAN A TON, and adds, "the occasion of it was this:—Mr. W COL, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn, being at Moffat, honest ALLAN, who was at that ti visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay NICOL a visi had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. MASTERTON and I each in our own way, that we should celebrate the busir Accordingly the one produced the words, the other the m

## THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay:  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm nae very auld,  
Yet wae I like to meet her at  
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown:  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It makes me blythe and bauld,  
And naething gies me sic delight,  
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
When on my pipe I play;  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest that she sings best:  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
And in her sangs are tald,  
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,  
At wauking o' the fauld.

## BLYTHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben:  
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

By Ochtertire grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
*Blythe, &c.*

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
 She tripped by the banks o' Ern,  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
*Blythe, &c.*

Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As onie lamb upon a-lee;  
 The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.  
*Blythe, &c.*

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,  
 That ever trod the dewy green. \*  
*Blythe, &c.*

\* "I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochter with Sir WILLIAM MURRAY.—The lady, who was also at tertyre at the same time, was the well-known toast, Miss PHEMIA MURRAY of Lentrose, who was called, and very justly, *The Flower of Strathmore.*"—Burns.

## FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I hae monie days been;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



## THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

TUNE—" *Seventh of November.*"

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet;  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the suktry line;  
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes  
Heaven gave me more—it made thee n

While day and night can bring delight,  
Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
While joys above, my mind can move,  
For thee, and thee alone, I live!  
When that grim foe of life below  
Comes in between to make us part;  
The iron hand that breaks our band,  
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

\* It may be said of almost all BURNS's songs, were called forth by some particular incident or occurrence connected with the history of his own life, or by those feelings of love, gratitude, and veneration, excited in him by the contemplation of human worth and excellence. In his intercourse with his own friends, and among those whom he casually met, in his intercourse with the world, his discerning eye covered many of those virtues and graces which give value and consecrate, the charms of song; and consequently, was under the less necessity of wandering into the fancy in quest of subjects to celebrate and immortalize. The song here given, owes its origin to the predominance of the above-mentioned feelings, is clear from the following statement by the author. "I composed this song on my return to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his wife. In the fire-side I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings in the houses of fashionable people in this country put and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for the happiest hours of my life."

## I HAD A HORSE.

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,  
I gat it frae my daddie;  
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
But my wit it was fu' ready.  
So I bethought me on a time,  
Outwittens o' my daddie,  
To fee mysel to a Lawland laird,  
Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:  
Madam, be not offended;  
I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,  
And I carena though ye kend it:  
For I get little frae the laird,  
And far less frae my daddie;  
Yet I wad blythely be the man  
Wad strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh;  
Ye needna been sae blate, man,  
Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
And tauld me a' your state, man:  
Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
Outwittens o' onie body,  
And made John Goukston o' the laird,  
And kiss'd his bonnie lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse,  
We drank wine in a cogie;  
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,  
And vow but I was vogie!  
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg  
Since I cam frae my daddie;  
The laird cam, rap, rap! to the yett,  
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,  
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;

## SCOTTISH SONGS.

here I lay like to swarf wi' fear,  
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.  
he laird gade out, he saw na me,  
I staid till I was ready;  
promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
To see his bonnie lady. \*

## FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,  
Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,  
Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonnie Doon, see sweet at gloaming,  
Fare thee weel before I gang:  
Bonnie Doon, where early roaming,  
First I wear'd the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,  
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;  
There the softest sweets enjoying,  
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tyme.

Friends so near my bosom ever,  
Ye have render'd moments dear;  
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,  
Then the stroke, O how severe!

\* "This story was founded on fact. A Jean  
center to a very respectable farming family who I  
in the parish, I think, of Galloway, called Barr-mill  
has here that - had a house and had one maid." -  
youngest sister, he found it necessary to make  
West-Highlands, where - he fix'd himself to a I  
for that in the expression of all the real officers  
ever heard - The present Mr. HURTER, who  
also, is the great grand-child to our hero." -

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,  
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;  
 Could I think I did deserve it,  
 How much happier would I be!

Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew:  
 Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu.\*

This song, written by Mr. RICHARD GALL, a Printer in Edinburgh, but now dead, "has acquired a high degree of praise, on its having been printed amongst the works of BURNS, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr. GALL's friends, to whom communicated the verses before they were published. The name of BURNS stands in no need of the aid of others to support and to render back the song in question to its true author, is an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery, or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the *Musical Museum* was published at Edinburgh by Mr. INCHON, several of BURNS's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr. GALL wrote this song, intitled—*Farewell Ayrshire*, prefixed BURNS's name to it, and sent it anonymously to the Publisher of that work. From thence it has been inserted into the later editions of the works of BURNS. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr. GALL probably thought that sight, under the sanction of a name known to the world, acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, might have been its fate to be 'to waste its sweetness in the desert air.' " At the time the first No. of this work went to press, the Editor was not aware that Mr. GALL was also the author of *My only Jeannie Dearie, O*, though he has since learned that this was the case. Should the reader wish to obtain any further particulars respecting Mr. GALL, he may consult the *Biographia Scotica*, whence the above information is derived.



## AH! WAES ME, LOV'D JEANIE.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

AH! wae's me, lov'd Jeanie, thou'rt now frae  
Lamented I see thee laid low and forlorn!  
Thy friends, and parent dear,  
That tend thy dismal bier,  
I see in secret tear,  
And deeply mourn.

Thy death, sweetest maid! writhes my bosom  
A true-love sae fondly I'll ne'er meet again;  
Since thou art frae me fled,  
And thus sae lonely laid,  
Wi' tears thy tomb, lov'd maid!  
I'll mournfu' stain.

Yes, since thou art lonely laid low in that bed,  
Where proudly around thee weeds wild wave the  
Affection's tender ca',  
Shall oft thy lover draw,  
A lone tear to let fa'  
By thy lov'd side.

Ye sangsters that chant in Glen-Dawin, sweet gl  
O hover around me, and wi' me complain:  
While thus I breathe my lays,  
Proclaiming Jeanie's praise,  
A soothing warble raise,  
In plaintive strain.

Ye sprightly young maidens, sae gaudy and bra  
Associates o' Jeanie, now frae us awa;  
In pensive mournfu' key,  
O weep and grieve wi' me;  
Frae ilka wae'fu' e'e  
Tears sad let fa'.

For never again while the sun gilds the morn,  
Shall nymph fair as Jeanie our valley adorn :  
    Ne'er shall a maiden fair,  
    Wi' her laid low compare;  
    Nor e'er shall maiden mair  
    Cheer me forlorn.\*



## THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HENSEL pe Highland shentleman,  
    Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;  
And monie alterations seen  
    Amang the Lawland whig, man.

First when her to the Lowlands cam,  
    Nainsel was driving cows, man:  
There was nae laws about hims narse,  
    About the preeks or trouse, man.

Nainsel did wear the philapeg,  
    The plaid prik't on her shouder;  
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,  
    The pistol sharg'd wi' poulder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,  
    Wherewith mans narse be lockit,  
O hon, that e'er she saw the day!  
    For a' her houghs pe prokit.

\* This song is by the author of *The Banks of Glaisart*, and *My Mary*, O. It was written for a young friend of the author's on the death of his sweetheart. Glen Dawin, mentioned in the 4th verse, is a small romantic glen adjoining that of the Clachan, for which the reader may consult the note on *The Banks of Glaisart*, page 44.

Every thing in the Highlands now  
Pe turn't to alteration;  
The sodger dwal at our door cheek,  
And that's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't an England now,  
And laws pring on te cadger:  
Nainsel wad durk him for hur deeds,  
But oh she fears de sodger.

Another law cam after that,  
Me never saw the like, man:  
They mak a lang road on the crund,  
And ca' him turnimspike, man.

And wow she pe a ponnie road,  
Like Louden corn rigs, man;  
Whar twa carts may gang on her,  
And no break othera legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka hors,  
In troth they'll be nae sheaper,  
For nought but gaun upo' the crund,  
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the hors than pe the head,  
And there they mak them stand, man:  
Me tell'd tem me hae seen te day,  
Tey had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubts nainsel maun draw his purs,  
And pay them what him's like, man:  
I'll see a shudgement on his store,  
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills,  
Whar ne'er a ane sall turn her;  
And no come near your turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blythe Yule night, when we were fu',  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,  
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin';  
Spak o' lowpin o'er a lin,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Slighted love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie die?  
She may gae to France for me!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings;  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And O, her een they spak sic things!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan cou'd na be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.\*

~~~~~

THE BUD ON THE BRIER.

TUNE—"The Campbell's are comin'."

THE bud on the brier it is bonnie enough,
 An' sae is the flow'r on the ha' lass:
 How sweet shines the red setting sun in the stream,
 But thou art the sweetest of a' lass.
 The lavrock on the lea—lass,
 The lintie on the tree—lass,
 The mavis aft renews her sang,
 But nane o' them sings like thee—lass.

The meeting o' friends may be happy, I own,
 An' blinks o' content gie us a'—lass;
 But rapture ne'er comes frae the ee to the heart,
 Save only when love gies the law—lass.

* Dr. BLACKLOCK of Edinburgh informed BURNS that he had often heard the tradition that the air of Duncan Gray was composed by a carman in Glasgow. BURNS himself thought it was "that kind of light-horse gallop of an air that precluded sentiment;"—that "the ludicrous was its ruling feature;" and accordingly, in writing the above verses for it, he has kept this idea steadily in view. For broad humour the song is certainly unequalled in the Scottish language; and it was with great justice the Hon. A. ERSKINE observed, in a letter to BURNS, that "spak o' lowpin ower a liun" was a line of itself that should make him *immortal*.

The bottle has its charm—lass,
Which toil an' care disann—lass,
But lasting pleasure ne'er is found,
Till love the bosom warm—lass.

Conqu'ring kingdoms let tyrants unite
An' patriots fight to be free—lass;
But conqu'ring canna gie them the delight,
Hae being conqu'ed by thee—lass.
For freedom's but a name—lass,
And slav'ry's just the same—lass,
I'll wear thy chain wi' a' my heart,
Gif ye will be my ain—lass.

He love, melting kiss that I steal frae thy lips,
Will keep me aye constant and true—lass,
N' ilk coming day be mair blest than the past,
N' ilka endearment renew—lass.

Then time may flee like wind—lass,
Its loss we ne'er shall find—lass;
The rose that fades upon thy cheek,
Will flourish in thy mind—lass.



POWERS CELESTIAL.

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest:

Guardian angels, O prote
 When in distant lands
 To realms unknown whil
 Make her bosom still r



ETTRICK BA

ON Ettrick banks, on a
 At gloaming, when the
 I met my lassie, braw an
 Come wading barefoot
 My heart grew light; I re
 My arms about her lily

* This is a prayer of no common k
 might suppose to be inspired by scen
 ental fancy pictured, wishes are br
 which seem to have been dictated by
 passion—a passion cherished and
 warmth of Nature, and hallowed l
 The Editor of the Reliques of Bu
 verses into light as the production
 that they were written on *Highland*
 Poet's intended departure for the V
 not at all improbable, although High
 several years before the Bard though
 in consequence of the unfortunate is:
 ARMOUR: for it is to be observed tha
 fusions formerly given, *Will ye go to*
 is reason to presume that a departur
 long been a favourite object with him
 ately under notice, the *name* of the
 wishes are uttered, and the allusion
 climes" and "realms unknown," are
ture.

And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn?
And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we hae wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the wearie night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer bield.
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.



THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
And he's promis'd ay to loo me;

Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,
Till he's fairly married to me:
Drive awa, ye drone, time,
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning darena bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock thegither:
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest nor'lan blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,
Cantie glee, or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring.
Wightly can he weild a rung;
In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster.
Sangs, that sing o' Sandy,
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

~~~~~  
THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

In ancient times, as songs rehearse,  
One charming nymph employed each verse,  
She reign'd alone without a marrow,  
Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow.

Our fathers with such beauty fir'd,  
This matchless fair in crowds admir'd:  
Though matchless then, yet here's her marrow  
Mary Scot's the flower of Yarrow.

beauty, unadorn'd by art,  
 true join'd, attracts each heart;  
 diligence itself would charm you,  
 rarely knows her power to warm you.

cease Italian noise;  
 every string and every voice  
 every Scot without a marrow,  
 yet, the flower of Yarrow. \*

OBERTSON, in his statistical account of the parish of  
 , that MARY SCOTT, the Flower of Yarrow, was  
 from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden fa-  
 mily. Her father was married to a predecessor of the present  
 ELLIOT, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.  
 A circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits  
 it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times.  
 The son-in-law agrees to keep his daughter for some time af-  
 ake; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give  
 to the first Michaelmas moon, that is, the time  
 when the troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began  
 depredations." A very interesting account of the  
 Yarrow, appears in a note to Mr. Scott's *Marmion*,  
 and the liberty of adding to the above.

The lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake, (a beautiful  
 reservoir, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow  
 rises) are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place  
 of MARY SCOTT, daughter of PHILIP SCOTT of Dryhope, and fa-  
 mous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was  
 the daughter of ALGER SCOTT of Harden, no less renowned for his  
 valor than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic ap-  
 pearance, in latter days, with equal justice conferred on  
 LILLIAN SCOTT, the last of the elder branch of the  
 family." Mr. SCOTT proceeds to relate, that "he well  
 knew the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow,  
 and then injured the charms which procured her the  
 name, the words usually sung to the air of 'Tweed-  
 ed—*What beauties does Flora disclose*, were com-  
 monour."

## I HAE LOST MY JEANIE, O.

TUNE—"Lady Cunningham's Delight," or, "the Lee I

O I hae seen when fields were green,  
 And birds sae blythe an' cheerie, O,  
 How swift the day wad pass away,  
 When I was wi' my dearie, O:  
 But now I neither laugh nor sing,  
 My looks are alter'd cleanlie, O;  
 I'll never like a lass again,  
 Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

Now I maun grane an' greet my lane,  
 An' never ane to heed me, O;  
 My claes, that ay were neat an' clean,  
 Can scarce be said to cleed me, O:  
 My heart is sair, my elbows bare,  
 My pouch without a guinea, O;  
 I'll never taste o' pleasure mair,  
 Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

O, Fortune! thou hast us'd me ill;  
 Far waur than my deservin', O;  
 Thrice o'er the crown thou'st knock'd me do'  
 An' left me haffins starvin', O:  
 Thy roughest blast has blawn the last;  
 My lass has us'd me meanlie, O;  
 Thy sharpest dart has pierc'd my heart,  
 An' ta'en frae me my Jeanie, O.

I'll nae mair strive, while I'm alive,  
 For aught but missin' slavery, O;  
 This world's a stage, a pilgrimge,  
 A mass o' nought but knav'ry, O:  
 If fickle fame but save my name,  
 An' frae oblivion screen me, O;  
 Then farewell fortune, farewell love,  
 An' farewell bonnie Jeanie, O.

## THE DAYS O' AULD LANGSYNE.

TUNE—"The Burnside."

ay, happy were the days o' auld langsyne,  
 umely sweets, the social joys o' auld langsyne,  
 ilka ane wi' friendly glow and cordial heart wad  
 l,  
 dge wi' frien'ship leal and true the days o' lang-  
 e.  
 When ilka ane, &c.

ed the joys that we hae seen, o' auld langsyne,  
 happy aft we baith hae been, in days o' langsyne:  
 a former tender scene, wi' dear delight we min',  
 alas! can ne'er reca' the days o' langsyne.  
 Still ilka former, &c.

weet the fond endearing charms o' auld langsyne,  
 anie in my youthfu' arms, in days o' langsyne;  
 ure press'd her throbbing breast wi' glowing love  
 mine,  
 happy hours flew o'er wi' bliss in days o' langsyne.  
 In rapture press'd, &c.

g our native woods an' braes how pleasant the  
 ie,  
 for her I loo'd sae dear the primrose in its prime:  
 fairer bloom'd ilk bonnie flower, mair sweet the  
 ds did sing,  
 wi' the lass I dearly loo'd, in days o' langsyne.  
 Then fairer bloom'd, &c.

air amang our bonnie glens we'll garlands entwine,  
 u' the wild-flow'r by the burn, to busk my lassie  
 e;  
 air upon yon sunnie knowe we'll mark the sun  
 cline,  
 all the tender tales that pleas'd in days o' langsyne.  
 Nae mair upon, &c.

But still thro' life we'll happy be, at fate ne'er repine;  
 Tho' warldly cares, at times, should thraw, we'll ne'er  
     our pleasures tyne;  
 While seated here, in frien'ly glow, wi' hearts an' han's  
     we join,  
 And bring again, wi' cantie glee, the days o' langsyne  
     While seated here, &c. \*

~~~~~

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
 I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
 "Gude-day to you," brute, he comes ben;
 He brags, and he blows o' his siller,
 But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?
 My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;

* This song is the production of a Mechanic in Glasgow, who is also the author of *Scotia's Sons*, *The Coggie*, and several other pieces of considerable merit. Some of them will be found in our subsequent pages.

But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin',
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loo dearly, Tam Glen.



THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danc'd on the green.
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
 My shape they said was neat;
 But now I am quite changed,
 My stays they winna meet.
 A' night I slept soundly,
 My mind was never sad;
 But now my rest is broken,
 Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me!
 No other love I suffer'd
 Within my breast to dwell;
 In nought I have offended
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lass.
 My dear, he said, cease grieving;
 Since that your love's so true,
 My bonnie brucket lassie,
 I'll faithful prove to you. *

* "The two first lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* (Johnson's) marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a fire balloon: a mortal who, though he trudges about Edinburgh as a common Printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles [as unlike each other as a rush cap and a diadem;] yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week!"

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

*Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

COLD blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.



BIDE YE YET.

OH had I a house and a cantie wee fire,
A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire;
A bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yamer and mourn.

*And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide you yet;
Some bonnie wee bodie may fu' to my lot,
And I'll ay be cantie wi' thinking o't.*

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That'll cry papa or daddie to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

I carena a button for sack fu's o' cash;
Let wizen'd auld batchelors think on sic trash;

Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee,
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousan's to me-

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there ever should happen to be
A difference atween my wee wifie and me;
In hearty good humour although she be teaz'd
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, &c.



AULD LANGSYNE.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd monie a wearie foot
Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidel't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

Now there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gies a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right gude willie waught
For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

I surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld langsyne.

*For auld langsyne, &c. **



THE BLATHRIE O'T.

Think on this warld's pelf,
 Little wee share I hae o't to myself,

The editor of the *Reliques of Burns* says, that the Bard wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons known to himself, he gave to the world as songs of *his*. The ballad of *Auld Langsyne* was introduced in the same manner, though there exist proofs that the two thirds of it are indisputably his." Whether it is to be known from this, that Burns wrote the whole of the song, or whether the fact of this work shall not determine, as he is not aware of the proofs alluded to, of Burns having been the author of two verses of it. He shall only state what he himself said on the subject, leaving it to his readers to draw their own point for themselves. In a letter to Mr. Thompson, writing of the song, he says, "One song more and I have *Auld Langsyne*. The air is but *mediocre*; but the following is an old song of the olden times, and which has never been printed, nor even in manuscript; until I took it down from the memory of an old singing, is enough to recommend any air." In a letter to Mr. DUNLOP likewise, with whom he constantly corresponded, and to whom he also communicated the song, he writes,—"Is not the Scotch phrase, *Auld langsyne*, excessive. There is an old song and tune which has often cheered my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old songs: I shall give you the verses on the other sheet.---The turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet has produced this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of genius in it than half a dozen of modern English songs."

And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear enough;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loo's her, and swears he's me forgot:
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

But a' this shall never daunt me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is nae worth a groat
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.



MY NANIE'S AWA.

TUNE—" *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*"

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And sooth me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.



ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

*Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.*

SHE vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;
 She said she loo'd me best of onie;
 But ah! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a cantie quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie:
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife, &c.



THE LASSIE I LOO BEST OF A'.

HAE ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,
 The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;
 Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,
 Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?
 O, then ye hae seen my dear lassie,
 The lassie I loo best of a';

But far frae the hame o' my lassie,
I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye o' the dove,
Her lips are the ripe blushing rose bud,
Her bosom's the palace of love.
Tho' green be thy banks, O sweet Clutha!
Thy beauties ne'er charm me awa;
Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha,
My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!
The sweetest we mortals here know;
But soon is thy heav'n, bright beaming,
O'ercast with the darkness of wo.
As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
Delights the lone mariner's eye,
Till red rush the storms of the desert,
And dark billows tumble on high.*

~~~~~  
CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,  
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,  
Vi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish san

\* This beautiful song was written by one of the sons of B (the eldest we believe) now residing in London; and, for we know, it was his first and only production. It affords a proof, however, that the son inherits no small portion of genius for poetry which raised his father to the first rank of Bards of his country. We may almost venture to say the descriptions contained in it cannot be equalled by any of the strains of OSSIAN, or in the still more luxuriant poetry of the East, to which, indeed, it bears a nearer affinity. It is not a matter of regret with every lover of Scottish song that the author of such a piece favours the world with no more productions?

law the elbow o' troublesome thought;  
 a sodger, and life is a faught:  
 and gude humour are coin in my pouch,  
 freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

and o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 gude fellowship southers it a':  
 he blythe end o' our journey at last,  
 deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

ice, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
 be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:  
 or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,  
 word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!" \*

quisite Bacchanalian piece, by BURNS, was commu-  
 r. THOMPSON for insertion in his work. The follow-  
 in which the song is spoken of in terms of unqualified  
 is from a letter written by that gentleman, and will  
 is hoped, highly interesting.

wledge, my dear Sir, you are not only the most punc-  
 most delectable correspondent I ever met with. To  
 ering you never entered my head: the truth is, I look  
 rprise at my impudence, in so frequently nibbling at  
 plets of your incomparable lyrics, for which, perhaps,  
 rved me right, you would have sent me to the devil.  
 ary, however, you have all along condescended to  
 iticism with so much courtesy, that it ceases to be  
 f I have sometimes given myself the airs of a review-  
 at budget demands unqualified praise. *Lumps o'*  
 ll certainly make one of my family dishes; you have  
 capitally, that it will please all palates. Do give  
 re of this cast when you find yourself in good spi-  
 convivial songs are more wanted than those of the  
 d, of which we have great choice. Besides, one  
 n meet with a singer capable of giving the proper  
 latter, while the former are easily sung, and accept-  
 y body."

## SCOTIA'S SONS.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

*Blythe, blythe, aroun' the nappy,  
Let us join in social glee;  
While we're here we'll hae a drappy,  
Scotia's sons hae ay been free.*

OUR auld forbears, when owre their yill,  
And cantie bickers roun' did ca',  
"Forsooth," they cried, "anither gill,  
For sweer't we are to gang awa."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Some heartie cock would then hae sang  
An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,  
Syne pledg'd his cog—the chorus rang,  
"Auld Scotia and her sons are free."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',  
Till morn the screens o' light did draw,  
Yet driech to rise, the carls roun'  
Cry'd "Deuch-an-dhorus, then awa."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

The landlord then the nappy brings,  
An' toasts fu' happy a' may be,  
Syne tooms the cog—the chorus rings  
"Auld Scotia's sons shall ay be free."

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

Then like our dads o' auld langsyne,  
Let social glee unite us a',  
Ay blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,  
But ay as sweer't to gang awa.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

## MARY'S DREAM.

(ORIGINAL WORDS.)

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill  
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee,  
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,  
 Brought joy to every body's ee;  
 ' But sweet Mary, deep in sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;  
 Her voice drapt softly on her ear,  
 ' Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !'

She lifted up her waukening een,  
 To see from whence the voice might be,  
 And there she saw her Sandie stand,  
 Pale, bending on her his hollow ee!  
 O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,  
 I'm in death's thraws \* below the sea;  
 My weeping makes me sad in bliss,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

The wind slept when we left the bay,  
 But soon it waked and raised the main,  
 And God he bore us down the deep,  
 Who strave wi' him but strave in vain !  
 He stretch'd his arm, and took me up,  
 Tho' laith I was to gang but † thee:  
 Look frae heaven aboon the storm,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

Take off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,  
 Which thou hast faulded down for me;  
 I robe thee of thy earthly stole—  
 I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.'

\* *Thraws*, throes. † *But*, without.



Three times the grey cock flapt his wing,  
 To mark the morning lift her ee,  
 And thrice the passing spirit said,  
 ‘ Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !’ \*

\* When the first Number of this work went to press, the Editor was not aware of the existence of any other copy of *Mary’s Dream* than the one then given, or that a Memoir of Mr. Lowz, written by a Clergyman in Galloway, had been given to the world along with the Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, collected and edited by the late Mr. CROMEK. He is anxious, therefore, to correct the erroneous statement then made, as to what was known respecting Lowz; and he accordingly presents to his readers the following abstract of the Memoir above alluded to, in the full persuasion that it will be perused by all of them with a considerable portion of deep and lively interest.

Lowz, it appears, was born at Kenmore, in Galloway, in the year 1750, and discovered early an ambition of becoming a scholar; but, his father’s narrow circumstances not enabling him to assist his son in the acquisition of learning, he was, at the age of fourteen, bound as an apprentice to the weaving business. This employment, however, he soon felt was unsuitable to his genius; and during the time that dire necessity impelled him to follow it, he saved all the earnings of his labour, and took lessons in the learned languages from the school-master of a neighbouring parish. “ He employed his evenings in teaching church music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill on the violin. These qualities, added to his happy temper, and an uncommon flow of animal spirits, made him very acceptable wherever he went, and gained him many friends, who assisted him in his education, both with their money and their advice.—By these means, he was at length enabled to enter himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1771.—

“ On his return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr. M’Ghie of Airds, an amiable country gentleman of small fortune, who had several beautiful daughters. The house

Is pleasantly situated on a rising ground embowered  
 ees, washed on one side by the Ken, and on the other by  
 e, which here unite in one river under the common name  
 , though this is but a tributary stream. It is not easy to  
 e a situation more favourable to the descriptive muse; and  
 .owe, who had previously given some marks of a poetical  
 ave free scope to his genius, and composed many little  
 which he frequently recited to his friends with great enthu-  
 Of these, it is to be regretted that few copies are now to be  
 though there are some songs yet sung by the common peo-  
 that district of Galloway called the Glenkens,) which still  
 s name. At this period of life, when the mind delights  
 a description than in sentiment, in pictures of nature than  
 e of manners, he composed a pretty long pastoral poem,  
 l 'a *Morning Poem*,' which is still preserved entire in  
 a hand-writing, and, though written at a time when his  
 was but imperfectly formed, is the offspring of a lively  
 ation, and of one who 'mused o'er nature with a poet's  
 He here, likewise, attempted to write a tragedy, the  
 of which he used to read to some of his companions, as  
 cessively composed them; but as this, the highest effort  
 an genius, was at that time, and perhaps at any time, a-  
 is reach, there is no cause to regret that no part of it is  
 be obtained.

e used to invoke his muse from the top of a picturesque  
 which rises suddenly over a thick wood on the banks of the  
 nd commands a varied, beautiful, and extensive view of the  
 ading landscape. He erected for himself a rural seat on  
 ot, which is still called 'Lowe's seat,' and planted it  
 with honeysuckles, woodbines, and other wild shrubs and  
 . Here he recited aloud his poetic effusions to the invisi-  
 abitants of the woods and the streams, and here likewise  
 he composed the well-known ballad which makes the story  
 life chiefly interesting to the public.

' High on a rock his favorite arbour stood,  
 Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant wood;

Beneath its grateful shade, at ease he lay,  
 And view'd the beauties of the rising day;  
 Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves did ring  
 He also join'd.' *Lowe's Morning.*

"There was lost at sea, about this time, a gentleman of the name of MILLER, a surgeon, who had been engaged to MARY, one of the young ladies of Airds, an event which would long since have been forgotten but for the tender song of 'Mary's Dream,' which has given to it immortality. It is to be presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; and we regret to state that his fidelity to the object of it, though equally worthy of his admiration and his muse, was but little consistent with the warmth of his feelings, and the earnestness of his professions.—

"His views were now directed to the church, and he had spent another session at the University of Edinburgh. Seeing, however, no prospect of a living, and impatient of dependence, he resolved to try his fortune in America, where he fondly hoped his talents would be more highly appreciated, and where he indulged the pious expectation of being better able to assist his aged mother and his other relations at home, for whom he ever expressed the warmest affection.—

"He accordingly embarked for the new world in the year 1773, being invited as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes to his ambition. He afterwards kept an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, which succeeded for awhile, as he himself states, 'beyond his most sanguine wishes, and to which students resorted from a vast distance.' It suffered, however, some interruption by one of those winters of intense frost & deep snows which occur in America; which, having shut up the town from any communication with the neighbouring country from which its productions were supplied, compelled him to charge his boarders, and for some time he was not able to collect them together again.—

"Sometime after this he took orders in the church of England, the then fashionable religion of this part of the United States.

ed a living in that church, and became eminently respectable by his talents, his learning, and his sociable and pleasant manners. He appears to have been so much elated by his good fortune, that in some of his letters home he flatters his imagination with the hopes of revisiting his native country in a diplomatic capacity. These were the golden days of Lowe; but an evil place which clouded the meridian of his life, and blasted his happiness for ever.

Two years after he left the shores of Britain, he addressed a letter of considerable length, to her who was the object of his warm affections, and who seemed still to possess the chief place in his heart. In this poem he thus breathes his passion:—

‘ My busy sprite, when balmy sleep descends,  
Flies o’er the deep, and visits all her friends;  
Then, only then, I see my charming dame,  
Ah! must we only meet but in a dream!  
What hindered me, when first thy fondest slave,  
My hand to give thee,—as my heart I gave?  
Wedlock itself would need no grave Divine  
To fix his stamp upon such love as mine;  
A love so pure, so tender, and so strong,  
Might last for ages, could we live so long.’

Afterwards he adds—

‘ Fair faces here I meet, and forms divine,  
Enough to shake all constancy but mine.’

Notwithstanding the ardour of these professions, his constancy was not so much proof, as he imagined, against the temptations to which it was exposed. He became enamoured of a beautiful Virginian lady, and forgot his first love on the banks of the Ken. The young lady, however, refused to listen to his addresses, and he had even the mortification to witness the fair object of his attachment bestowed on a more fortunate and deserving lover. It is singular, that the sister of this very lady was as fondly attached to our poet, as she herself had been indifferent to him, and he allowed himself to be united to her, as he states, ‘ from a sentiment of gratitude.’ But every cloud which hid its head at the hour which made them one, proved every thing bad,—and Lowe soon saw in his wife:

abandoned woman, regardless of his happiness, and unfaithful even to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and sorrow, he had recourse to the miserable expedient of dissipating at the bottle, the cares and chagrins that preyed upon his heart. Habits of intemperance were thus formed, which, with their wretched attendants poverty and disease, soon sapped the vigour of a good constitution, and brought him to an untimely grave in the forty-eighth year of his age.

"A letter from Virginia, from an early acquaintance of *Low's*, gives the following particulars respecting his death—That, perceiving his end drawing near, and wishing to die in peace, away from his own wretched walls, he mounted a sorry palfry, and rode some distance to the house of a friend. So much was he debilitated that scarcely could he alight in the court and walk into the house. Afterwards, however, he revived a little, and enjoyed some hours of that vivacity which was peculiar to him. But this was but the last faint gleams of a setting sun; for, on the third day after his arrival at the house of his friend, he breathed his last. He now lies buried near Fredericksburgh, Virginia, under the shade of two palm trees, but not a stone is there on which to write 'MARY, WEEP NO MORE FOR ME!'

"The abandoned woman, to whom he had been united, made no inquiries after her husband for more than a month afterwards, when she sent for his horse, which had been previously sold to defray the expenses of his funeral."

After so long an account of this child of misfortune, the Editor feels some hesitation at laying before his readers the following remarks, on the comparative merits of the two copies of *Mary's Dream*, by Mr. CROMEK; but as the Scottish copy of the Song is little known, he trusts that the intrinsic excellence both of the song and the remarks, will sufficiently plead his excuse. After stating that the Scottish copy is extremely popular among the peasantry of Galloway, Mr. CROMEK adds—"Whoever compares these two copies together, cannot entertain a doubt that the Scotch one is the original. There is that freshness and vividness of colouring in its sentiments and descriptions, which uniformly characterize the genuine transcripts of feeling; and the

y and imagery is such as a native of Galloway, in the flow  
piration, would be unavoidably led to use. In all these re-  
; it materially differs from the English copy, which, though  
eautiful indeed, and certainly more uniformly correct, and  
laboured than the other, contains a great deal less of the  
language of the heart, and has no distinguishing feature  
ich it can be attributed to the native of one part of the  
more than another. To go no farther than the two open-  
es:—The English copy merely describes the moon rising  
mountain, the source of a river:

‘ The moon had climb’d the highest hill  
That rises o’er the source of Dee.’

the other, we have the picture faithfully described,  
was present to the poet’s imagination:

‘ The lovely moon had climbed the hill  
Where eagles big aboon the Dee.’

ere here a Scotch landscape in all its characteristic subli-  
—the towering cliffs lost in the clouds, the frightful abode  
eagle!

he two concluding lines of the first stanza in the English

‘ When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me,’

initely tamer and more prosaic than

‘ A voice drapt saftly on her ear,  
Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!

omission of the word *saying*, in the Scotch, and burst-  
once to the speech, has a happy effect.

ow beautifully tender are the two following lines:

‘ Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,  
Which thou hast faulded down for me.’

ow cold and formal, in comparison, are the lines

‘ O maiden dear thyself prepare,’ &c.

lvery description seems, in a similar manner, to have lost  
it had of picturesque effect in passing from Scotch to Eng-  
For instance, the crowing of the cock at the dawn of

morning, is described in the following lines as a Shakespeare would have described it :

‘ Three times the grey cock flap his wing,  
To mark the morning lift her ee.’

Here every thing is in life and motion, fresh from a creative fancy; but the daringness of fancy which dictated these lines, must have been long subdued, and succeeded by very different emotions, before the same poet could coldly write—

‘ Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled.’

“ Every reader, of true poetical taste, must have felt the bold sublimity and pathos of the whole of the third stanza—

‘ The wind slept,’ &c.

Here, in addition to the natural awfulness of the scene, the poet has called to his aid whatever is most interesting and majestic in religion.—There is a simple sublimity in the lines

‘ And God he bore us down the deep,  
Who strave wi’ him but strave in vain !  
He stretched his arm, and took me up,’

to which the Editor believes it would be doing an injury, were he to compare it even to any thing of BURNS’. It is of a high cast, and is more akin to the wild inspiration of a JON or a D. VID. The struggles of suffering humanity, opposed to the arm Omnipotence, present a contrast at which our faculties are lost in wonder and awe. But even here, when his struggles are over, and when the gates of bliss are opened to him, his affliction remains unimpaired. All the happiness of heaven is insufficient to make him forego his love;—he enters it with reluctance without her, and still watches over her with trembling solicitude

‘ He stretched his arm and took me up,  
Tho’ laith I was to gang but thee.’

“ Madame Stael quotes, in *Corinne*, a thought of her father who represents it as an alleviation to a poor sinner, amid all the torments of hell, that he caught an opening glimpse of heaven, when his beloved spouse was about to enter it. That thought has been very much admired; but it appears strained.

d sought after when compared with the passage of the Scotch  
et.

"The reader will see that all these finely-imagined circumstances  
not appear in the English copy. When the ardour of the  
et's mind had cooled, and he had to grope his way in a lan-  
age not so familiar to him, they would appear to him of too  
ld a nature, and, on that account, no doubt have been suppres-  
l."

### A LASSIE FAIR.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

A LASSIE fair (the deil-ma-care)  
Ance slighted me an' a' that;  
But tho' I'm poor, your vera sure  
I dinna like to claw that;  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
I'm hearty still for a' that;  
I gat the *slight*, I took it *light*,  
An' that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they should nick you wi' this trick,  
Ne'er break your heart an' a' that;  
Just glowr about, you'll find ane out,  
Will ease your pain an' a' that.  
An' a' that, an' a' that,  
Your sighs, an' sabs, an' a' that;  
Sae never pine about a quean,  
There's plenty yet for a' that!

He is a fool, wha mak'st a rule,  
Ne'er for to wed an' a' that,  
Whan ance a lass, to him proves fause,  
But tak's to bed an' a' that;



An' a' that, an' a' that,—  
 Nae Doctor's drugs an' a' that,  
 Will ever prove a cure for love,  
 Like kiss again an' a' that!

Gif I can find ane to my mind,  
 My heart an' han' an' a' that,  
 To her I'll gie baith frank an' free,—  
 They're my delight for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 They're dear to me for a' that;  
 I loo them still, an' ever will,  
 Tho' ane did *jilt* an' a' that!



### THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light  
 I hied awa to Annie:  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 'Till 'tween the late and early;  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me thro' the barley.

*Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
 And corn rigs are bonnie:  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night  
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearlie;  
 I set her down, wi' right gude will,  
 Among the rigs o' barley:

I kent her heart was a' my ain;  
I lov'd her most sincerely;  
I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

*Corn rigs, &c.*

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;  
Her heart was beating rarely:  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley!  
But by the moon and stars so bright,  
That shone that hour so clearly!  
She ay shall bless that happy night  
Amang the rigs o' barley!

*Corn rigs, &c.*

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry drinking;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;  
I hae been happy thinking:  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

*Corn rigs, &c.*



#### LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
And the lad I daurna name;  
Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa.

*O hon, my Highlandman!  
O my bonnie Highlandman,  
Weel wou'd I my true love ken  
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.*

O to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philibeg aboon his knee;  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

*O hon, &c.*

This lovely youth, of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king:  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.

*O hon, &c.*

O! to see this princely one  
Seated on a royal throne,  
Disasters a' would disappear;  
Then begins the jub'lee year.\*

*O hon, &c.*



### DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
I'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see thee.

\* "This air is a proof how one of our Scottish tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed, "Tune of Tarry Woo"—of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scotch critic, the pathos of the line,

'Tho' his back be at the wa,'

must be very striking.—It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song. The supposed author of *Lewis Gordon* was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainslie"—  
*Burns.*

'ar's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 'ar's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 'ar's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 ' stay this ae night wi' your love, and dinna gang and  
 leave me.

's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 ut a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 ut a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 'hene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again and  
 see thee.

'inna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
 'inna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
 'hen a' the lave are sound asleep I am dull and eerie,  
 nd a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my  
 dearie.

dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 inna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 inna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 'hene'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again and  
 see thee.

'aves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear  
 me;

'aves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear  
 me;

'hile the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and  
 drearie,

nd gin ye loo me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave  
 me.

never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
 ever mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
 ever mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee:  
 en let the warld gae as it will, I'll stay at hame and  
 cheer thee.

'ae his hand he coost his stick, I winna gang and leave  
 thee;

'brew his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee;

Drew his boots, and flang them by, cried, my lass be  
cheerie,  
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my  
dearie.



### O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?  
Or art thou wauken, I would wit?  
For love has bound me hand and foot,  
And I would fain be in, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
For pity's sake this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Out owre the moss, out owre the muir,  
I came, this dark and drearie hour,  
And here I stand without the door,  
Amid the pouring storm, jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
Tak pity on my wearie feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

The bitter blast that round me blows  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

## HER ANSWER.

O TELL nae me of wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

*I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 And ance for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nought to what poor she endures,  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

*I tell you now, &c.*

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

*I tell you now, &c.*

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
 Let witless, trusting, woman say  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

*I tell you now, &c.\**

\* *Let me in this ae night* was one of the many airs for which R. THOMPSON, when carrying on his Musical Work, wished to give words from BURNS, the old ones being considered so inferent as to be utterly unworthy of a place. Accordingly the one here given was produced; but it would appear that it gave the poet much more trouble than many of his other pieces, as he began it over and over again, at long intervals, before he accomplished the task to his own satisfaction. At one period of his

## DAINTIE DAVIE.

THE lasses fain wad hae frae me,  
 A sang to keep them a' in glee,  
 While ne'er a ane I hae to gie,  
 But only Daintie Davie.  
 I learn'd it early in my youth,  
 When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth;  
 Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,  
 Our sang was Daintie Davie.

*O, Daintie Davie is the thing;  
 I never kent a cantie spring,  
 That e'er deserv'd the highland fling,  
 Sae weel as Daintie Davie.*

When friends an' fo'k at bridals meet,  
 Their drouthie mou's and craigs to weet,  
 The story canna be complete  
 Without they've Daintie Davie.  
 Sae lasses tune your spinnets weel,  
 An' lilt it up wi' a' your skill,  
 There's nae strathspey nor highland reel,  
 Comes up to Daintie Davie.

*O, Daintie Davie, &c.*

correspondence with Mr. THOMPSON, he thus writes:—"I have begun anew, *Let me in this ae night*. Do you think that we ought to retain the old chorus? I think we must retain both the old chorus and the first stanza of the old song. I do not altogether like the third line of the first stanza, but cannot alter it to please myself. I am just three stanzas deep in it. Would you have the *denouement* to be successful or otherwise? should she 'let him in,' or not?" The last query Mr. THOMPSON seems to have answered in the negative, as the *lassie* continues unrelenting to the end. Mr. THOMPSON's approbation was afterwards expressed to the Bard in the following manner: "You have displayed great address in this song. Her answer is excellent, and at the same time takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to his intreaties. I like the song, as *now* stands, very much."

Tho' bardies a', in former times,  
 Hae stain'd my sang, wae-worth their rhymes !  
 They had but little mense, wi' crimes,

To blast my Daintie Davie.

The rankest weeds the garden spoil,  
 When labour tak's the play a while ;

The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,

And sae it far'd wi' Davie.

*O, Daintie Davie, &c.*

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,

While ilka note is ay so sweet,

That auld an' young get to their feet,

When they hear Daintie Davie.

Until the latest hour of time,

When music a' her pow'r shall tine,

Each hill, an' dale, an' grove, shall ring

Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.

*O, Daintie Davie, &c.*



#### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;

Hasing the wild deer, and following the roe;

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,

The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,

The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,

Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,

Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,

Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.



My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



### HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Balinamona Ora."

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:  
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;  
 The nice yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

*Then hey, &c.*

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.\*

*Then hey, &c.*

\* This is one of the few songs written by our Bard during the last six months of his short, but distinguished, appearance on the stage of life. When he agreed to furnish Mr. THOMPSON with verses for several Scottish airs, it appears he at the same time undertook to supply words for a certain number of Irish tunes. In the letter which accompanied this song, he says,—“The Irish airs I shall cheerfully undertake the task of finding verses for.”

## NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,  
 The man that play'd the fiddle weel,  
 I wat he was a canty chiel,  
 And dearly loo'd the whisky, O.  
 And ay since he wore tartan hose,  
 He dearly loo'd the Athol brose;  
 And wae was he, you may suppose,  
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,  
 And find my bluid grows unco cauld;  
 I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,  
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.  
 And yet the doctors a' agree  
 That whisky's no the drink for me;  
 Saul! quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,  
 Shou'd they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,  
 And find my head and fingers hale,  
 I'll be content, tho' legs shou'd fail,  
 To play fareweel to whisky, O.  
 But still I think on auld langsyne,  
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,  
 Because something ran in their min',  
 Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

are already, you know, equipt three of them with words, and  
 other day I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hiber-  
 melody, which I admire much. If this will do, you have  
 four of my Irish engagement." In his reply, Mr. THOMPSON  
 erves,—“Your *Hey for a lass wi' a tocher* is a most excellent  
 g, and with you the subject is something new indeed. It is  
 first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire,  
 , an amateur of acres and guineas.”

Come a' ye pow'rs o' Music, come !  
 I find my heart grows unco glum,  
 My fiddle strings will no play bum,  
 To say fareweel to whisky, O.  
 I'll take my fiddle in my hand,  
 And screw the strings up while they'll stan  
 To mak a lamentation grand,  
 On gude auld Highland whisky, O.



BLYTHE AN' HAPPY ARE WE.

TUNE—" *Andro and his cutty gun.*"

*Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,  
 Could care is flegg'd awa ;  
 This is but ae night o' our lives,  
 An' wha wou'd grudge tho' it were twa.*

THE ev'ning shade around is spread,  
 The chilling tempest sweeps the sky ;  
 We're kindly met, an' warmly set,  
 An' stream's o' nappy rinnin' by.

*Blythe, &c.*

While gettin' fou, we're great, I trow,  
 We scorn misfortune's greatest bangs ;  
 The magic bowl can lift the soul  
 Aboon the warld and a' its wrangs.

*Blythe, &c.*

The days o' man are but a span,  
 This mortal life a passing dream,  
 Nought to illume the drearie gloom,  
 Save love an' friendship's sacred gleam.

*Blythe, &c.*

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,  
 And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine:  
 The glowin' breast that loo's them best  
 Shall dearest ever be to mine.

*Blythe, &c.*

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,  
 May discord ne'er a feeling wound!  
 An' shou'd we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,  
 But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.

*Blythe, &c.*

Now rap an' ring, an' gar them bring  
 The biggest stoupu' yet we've seen:  
 Why shou'd we part, when hand an' heart  
 At ilka bumper grows mair keen?

*Blythe, &c.*



#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

e seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;  
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;  
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,  
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far awae.

e seen the forest adorn'd of the foremost,  
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay;  
 All sweet was their blooming, their scent the air per-  
 fuming,

But now they are wither'd and a' wede awae.

e seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
 And the red storm roaring before the parting day;  
 e seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sun-  
 nie beams,

Turn drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
 Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer ;  
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae



### MY KIMMER AND I

WHAN Kimmer and I were groom and bride,  
 We had twa pint stoups at our bed-side;  
 Sax times fu' and sax times dry,  
 An' raise for drouth—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the fair,  
 Wi' twal pun' Scots in sarking to ware:  
 But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,  
 An' sarkless hame came Kimmer an' I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the town,  
 For wedding-breeks an' a wedding-gown ;

\* These verses, adapted to the ancient air of the *Flow' the Forest*, are, like those formerly given, the production lady. "The late Mrs. COCKBURN, daughter of Rutherford Fairnallie, in Selkirkshire (whose father was Lord Justice of Scotland), was the authoress. Mrs. COCKBURN has been but a few years. Even at an age advanced beyond the bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, a activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and lightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration.—The verses were written at an early period of her life, and without any relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of the Forest."—*Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

With the above account of Mrs. COCKBURN, by Mr. Ramsay, the testimony of Mr. RAMSAY of Ochtertyre is perfectly in son. He says she was "a woman of great wit, who outlived the first group of *literati* of the present [eighteenth] century, all of whom were very fond of her. I was delighted with her company, though, when I saw her, she was very old. *did she know* [relative to Scottish song] that is now lost."

the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye  
wickcloth gowns—my Kimmer an' I.

Kimmer and I maun tak the Beuk,  
a twal pint stoup in our peat neuk;  
the psalm be done, the dish is dry,  
drouthelie pray my Kimmer an' I.

Kimmer and I are scant o' claes,  
soups o' drink and soups o' brose;  
late we rise and soon gae lie,  
cantilie live—my Kimmer an' I.

Kimmer is auld, my Kimmer is bent,  
I'm gaun louting owre a kent;  
well o' life is dribbling dry,  
drouthie, drouthie's Kimmer an' I. \*



### HANDSOME KATIE.

TUNE—"Sleepy Maggy."

ow winter comes, wi' breath sae snell,  
And nips wi' frost the gizzen'd gowan,  
et frosty winter, strange to tell!  
Has set my thrawart heart a-lowin'.

*O dearest, charming Katie!*

*O sweetest, winsome Katie!*

*My heart has flown across the loan,*

*To dwell wi' my sweet neebor Katie.*

Then a' the chiels, wi' noses blae,  
Creep chitterin' roun the cantie ingle,  
hrough sleet and snaw to Kate I gae,  
Drawn wi' a whang o' Cupid's lingle.

*O dearest, &c.*

song, it would appear, is a native either of Nithsdale way; but the author's name is unknown. Mr. CROMEK  
t "it is but modern," and that it "seems to be a slip  
from *Todlin Hame*."

When our back door I gang to steek,  
 And bonnie Kate, frae her back winnock —  
 Gies a bit slee an' smilin' keek;  
 It warms me like a toasted bannock.  
*O dearest, &c.*

To sleep I try, but deil ae wink;  
 (Frae hapless luv, may fate ay screen u —  
 I sprawl an' fidget, whan I think  
 There's nought but a wee loan atween u —  
*O dearest, &c.*

Langsyne Leander ilka night  
 Swam o'er the sea at Hero's biddin';  
 But if my Kate wad me invite,  
 I've nought ado but jump the midden.  
*O dearest, &c. \**

\* The Editor has heard this song attributed to RAMSAY, with what justice he cannot say, as he never met with it among any of the writings of that Poet, or saw a copy of it save manuscript one from which it is here given; and this copy written for him, from memory, by a person who had no recollection where he obtained it. But, whoever the author is, it will be allowed that the song is a most excellent one of its kind, and that it satirizes in a happy manner that gross exhibition of passion, and those overstrained attempts at metaphor which but too frequently characterize the love songs of inferior writers. The lover, however, is a sentimentalist in his words and *aiblins*, somewhat of a humourist; but his sentimentality and his humour are the genuine offspring of unsophisticated Nature, and sit as freely and easily upon him, as his blue bonnet, or Sunday's plaid. The manner in which he describes the passion produced on him by love, though homely, and sometimes ludicrous, bordering on the ludicrous, is yet congenial to the character of an untutored mind, and, as a simple expression of feeling, infinitely more natural, than any rhapsody about *flaming* and *darts*, and *killing eyes*, that ever was penned. Least of all, crossing the Hellespont was nothing to the task he would perform, were Kate only inclined to lay her commands upon

## LASSIE WI' THE RAVEN LOCKS.

TUNE—" *Lassie wi' the lint-white locks.*"

*Lassie wi' the raven locks,  
 Charming lassie, Highland lassie ;  
 Gladly wad I tend thy flocks,  
 Bonnie Highland Mary, O.*

WHERE Echaig joins the briny tide,  
 And Cowal's hills spread far an' wide,  
 Along the winding banks of Clyde,  
 I met wi' Highland Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

Her foot sae neatly mark'd the sand,  
 An' gently wav'd her lily hand,  
 As, slow, she trac'd the sea-beat strand,  
 The lovely Highland Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

How mildly glanc'd her hazel ee!  
 Like sun-beams on the dewie lea:—  
 It, stowlines, wyl'd the heart frae me;  
 The witching smile of Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

Her eye-brows of a jetty-hue;  
 Her lips "like rose-buds moist wi' dew;"  
 A sweeter face ne'er bless'd my view  
 Than youthfu' Highland Mary's, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

Tho' pure the flow'rs that blaw unseen  
 Among her native woodlands green,  
 Yet purer far's the heart, I ween,  
 Of artless Highland Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*



Let others range frae isle to isle,  
Where never-ending simmers smile:—  
Mair dear the groves o' Ballochyle,  
That shelter Highland Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

I'd, cheerfu', toil frae dawn o' day,  
O'er yon lone glen and ferny brae,  
Could I but get, by gloaming grey,  
Ae blythsome blink of Mary, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

O may nae cloud the sun o'er cast,  
To chill this flow'ret's snawie breast!  
Nae reptile's breath untimely blast  
The op'ning bloom of Mary, O! \*

*Lassie wi', &c.*

\* This beautiful song is the production of Mr. ANGUS FLETCHER, a gentleman who, possessed of talents which would do honour to a much higher sphere in life, has, for these some years past, filled the humble, though honourable and useful, situation of teacher in the village of Dunoon, Argyllshire, preferring, amid that romantic scenery by which the native energies of his mind have been excited, "to hold the noiseless tenor of his way," to what he is pleased to style, in another of his songs (see page 185) "ambition's faithless path," or to more elevated life, that, Will-o'-wisp-like, lead their infatuated votaries only farther from the path of real happiness. The song, says the author, in a letter to the Editor, "was composed in compliment to an amiable young lady" (Miss MARY CAMPBELL, daughter of Mr. CAMPBELL of Ballochyle) "from whose parents,—now gone to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns,—I experienced much polite attention and kindness. The lady has too much sense to be offended with the liberty I have taken, which, I flatter myself, she will ascribe to the proper motives—gratitude, respect, and esteem."

*Echaig* is a fine trouting stream, well known to anglers. It

## THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

TUNE—" *The Lee Rig.*"

AMANG the birks, sae blythe an' gay,  
 I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
 The linties chantit on the spray,  
 The lammies lowpit on the lawn;  
 On ilka swaird the hay was mawn:  
 The braes wi' gowans buskit braw;  
 An' gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn  
 Out o'er the hills o' Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
 An' fragrance wing'd along the lee,  
 When down we sat, the flowers amang,  
 Upon the banks o' stately Dee:  
 My Julia's arms encircled me;  
 Then sweetly slade the hours awa,  
 Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee  
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is na owsen, sheep, an' kye,  
 It is na gowd, it is na gear,  
 This lifted ee wad hae, quo' I,  
 The warl's drumlie gloom to cheer;  
 But gie to me my Julia dear,  
 Ye Powers wha row this yirthen ba',  
 An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer  
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

s from the S. W. end of Loch-haik, in the united parish of  
 moon and Kilmun, Argyllshire, and after making several ra-  
 windings through Strath-echaig, a distance of about three  
 s, discharges itself into the Holy Loch (an arm of the Clyde)  
 Kilmun. Ballochyle is situated on the North bank of the lea-  
 Echaig, about a mile from the N. W. corner of the Holy  
 h.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,  
 An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows,  
 Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
 That through the rashes dimpled rows;  
 Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,  
 My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
 An' sing the streams, the straths, and h  
 The hills an' dales o' Gallowa.

An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
 Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,  
 Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin rills,  
 Awake nae mair my cantie strains;  
 Where friendship dwells, an' freedom r  
 Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks cra  
 O dig my grave, an' lay my banes  
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa.



### THE COGGIE.

TUNE—"Locherock Side."

LET bardies tune the rural strain,  
 And sing the loves o' nymph or swain,  
 Or mourn the hapless lover's pain,  
 That's slighted by his dearie.  
 But me, nae tale o' love-sick dame,  
 Shall lighten to the paths o' fame,  
 My dearest joy, my only theme,  
 Shall be a social coggie.

In morn o' life, wi' cantie glee,  
 We mark wi' youthfu' fancy's ee  
 Our daddies roun' the barley bree,  
 Fu' couth an' unco cheerie.

But when to manhood's height we speel,  
 An' meet thro' life some heartie shiel,  
 In friendship's glow, it's then we feel,  
 The pleasures o' the coggie.

While haply press'd wi' cares o' life,  
 Or deav'd wi' clamours frae a wife,  
 Or girning weanies raise a strife,  
 Till wi' o' hame grow wearie,  
 Nae mair to hear the flyting loon,  
 Wi' twa three cronies ance sit down,  
 Then cares o' wife, or weans may drown,  
 We're happy owre our coggie.

Thro' life, when fortune turns her wheel,  
 And ruin's blast blows roun' our biel,  
 Nae frien'ly han' then near to shiel,  
 But a' gae tapsalteerie;  
 E'en then, wi' some leal-hearted frien',  
 Wha's life ance happier days hae seen,  
 We baith on hope our sorrows lean,  
 And cry, " anither coggie."

See lyart age, wi' joyless years,  
 On life's dark brink wi' dowie fears,  
 Nae fost'ring hope his bosom cheers,  
 The prospect's dark an' drearie:  
 E'en then, when tales o' auld langsyne  
 Bring youthfu' cantie days to min',  
 Mang former joys our cares we tyne,  
 An' toom the cheering coggie.

Thus ilka scene o' life we see,  
 Is strongly mark'd wi' social glee;  
 Then let us taste the joys that flee,  
 In youth or age be cheerie.  
 Then roun' when social spirits join,  
 An' hearts an' han's in friendship twine,  
 Owre whisky, nappy yill, or wine,  
 'Tis still a social coggie.

OH, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

*And O, for ane and twenty, Tam!*  
*An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!*  
*I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,*  
*An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,  
 And gar me look right bluntie, Tam!  
 But three short years will soon wheel round  
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.  
*And O, for ane, &c.*

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.  
*And O, for ane, &c.*

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!  
*And O, for ane, &c.*



#### THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er Donnocht-Head,  
 The snaw drives snellie thro' the dale;  
 The Gaber-lunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale.

Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
 And dinna let your minstrel fa';  
 And dinna let his winding sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

nety winters hae I seen,  
 pip'd whare gor-cocks whirring flew;  
 onie a day ye've danc'd, I ween,  
 ilts which from my drone I blew.

pie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,  
 up, guidman, and let him in;  
 æl ye ken the winter night  
 short when he began his din.

pie's voice, O wow it's sweet,  
 tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;  
 en it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,  
 ith, its doubly dear to me!

in, auld carl, I'll steer my fire,  
 nake it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 luid is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 hould nae stray sae far frae hame,

ume have I, the minstrel said,  
 party-strife o'erturned my ha';  
 weeping, at the eve of life,  
 under thro' a wreath o' snaw. \*

anascendent little fragment, which must be admired by  
 whom the warmth of feeling glows even in its last  
 been published anonymously. And that it was a  
 Burns is evident from his own words, which we will  
 cheerfulness transcribe, since they contain a very high  
 pon it. In a letter to Mr. Thomson he thus writes,  
 "Tead is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were.  
 first in the Edinburgh Herald, and came to the edi-  
 paper with the Newcastle post mark on it." We cer-  
 with the Editor of the Reliques of Burns, that the  
 not be ashamed to own himself, since it is worthy of  
 et himself, or Macneill. The aged Minstrel claim-  
 of hospitality from those whose best recollections

## SCOTTISH SONGS.

### UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the win' frae north to south,  
And drift is driving sairly;

The sheep are couring i' the heugh,  
O sirs! it's winter fairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;

I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,  
Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,  
The branches tirlin barely;

Amang the chimney-taps it thuds,  
And frost is nippin sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;

To sit a' the night I'd rather agree,  
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,  
Like onie timorous carlie;

Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early;

When snaw blaws into the chimley cheek,  
Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,  
Poor things they suffer sairly;

In cauldrieff quarters a' the night,  
A' day they feed but sparely.

are associated with his traditionary melodies, is a sacre  
ter; and, when preferring this claim with the pathos  
thor, charity, as she wipes the tear from the cheek of  
ness, feels one trickle down her own, tributary to s

low up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 So late can be waur, in winter time,  
 Than rise in the morning early.  
 A cosey house, and cantie wife,  
 Keeps ay a body cheerly;  
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,  
 It answers unco rarely.  
 But up in the morning, na, na, na,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,  
 When I rise in the morning early. \*



## TIBBIE FOWLER.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the glen,  
 There's o'er monie wooin at her,  
 Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,  
 There's o'er monie wooin at her,  
*Wooin at her, pu'in at her,*  
*Courtin at her, canna get her;*  
*Filthy elf, its for her pelf,*  
*That a' the lads are wooin at her.*

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,  
 Ten cam rowin o'er the water;  
 Twa cam down the lang-dyke side,  
 There's twa-and-thirty wooin at her.  
*Wooin at her, &c.*

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;  
 Twenty head about the door,  
 There's ane-and-forty wooin at her.  
*Wooin at her, &c.*

page 137 our readers will find a song by BURNS, of the  
 ae, and upon the same subject. The one here given ap-  
 be the original, and is sometimes printed in conjunction  
 one by BURNS.



She's got pendles in her lugs,  
 Cockle shells wad set her better:  
 High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags,  
 And a' the lads are wooin at her.

*Wooin at her, &c.*

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 An' she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her upo' Tintock tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man 'till her.

*Wooin at her, &c.*

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
 An' she want the pennie siller,  
 A flie may fell her in the air,  
 Before a man be even till her. \*

*Wooin at her, &c.*



### THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifeikie, was comin frae the fair,  
 Had got a little drappikie, that bred her meikle care;

\* *Tibbie Fowler* is a song of considerable antiquity, and a native of Nithsdale, among the peasantry of which district many variations of it yet exist, though others of them have been long forgotten. In the absence of all other information respecting it, the following anecdote may perhaps be acceptable.—“An old Nithsdale farmer possessed a fair portion of that satiric humour which belongs to the song of *Tibbie Fowler*. Having two daughters ‘mair black than bonnie,’ he would hint at their uncomeliness—‘My lasses wad hae mensed me had I lived among the black, but comelie daughters of Jerusalem,’ he would say;—‘but I’ll do wi’ them as the Gudeman o’ Roanahaw did wi’ his cowtes—He put siller graithing on them, and hung bobbins o’ gowd at their manes, and shawed them at the market, saying—‘Some will gie a bode for ye, for the sonks and brills!’”

It gae'd about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,  
Oh! quo' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.

*I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,  
Oh! quo' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.*

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my  
skin;

But I'll lie down and tak a nap before that I gae in.

Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,

By came a packman wi' a little pack,

*Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,*

*By came a packman wi' a little pack.*

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;

He's taen her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa he  
ran;

And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,

Oh! quo' the wee wifeikie, this is nae me,

*This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,*

*Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.*

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my babee!

And still, if this be Bessikie, three placks remain wi' me:

But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunzie be;—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae  
me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

But I have a little houseikie, but and a kindly man;

A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie; if this be me he'll faun,

And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly wel-  
come gie,

And a' the bairns on the floor will dance if this be me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

The night was late, and dang out weet, and oh but it  
was dark;

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.

Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and kenning it  
was he,

Oh well ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.

*This is nae me, &c.*

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door  
he ran ;

Is that you, Bessie?—Wow na, man !

Be kind to the bairns, and weel mat ye be ;

And farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!

*This is nae me, &c.*

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,  
I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;  
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most  
piteously,

Oh farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !

*This is nae me, &c.*

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,  
How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear,  
or see!

But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd be,  
That I could almost wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor  
she.

*Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,*

*Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.*

Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he  
was fain,

To see his little Bessie come to hersel again.

He got her sitting on a stool with Tibbek on her knees:

Oh! come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me,

For I've got a nap wi' Tibbekie, and this is now me.

*This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,*

*I've got a nap wi' Tibbekie, and this is now me.\**

\* This excellent song is said to be the composition of the learned Dr. ALEXANDER GEDDES, well known in the literary world for his translation of the Bible into English, and other works.

## MARY-ANN.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean," or "The Wounded Hussar."

WHILE Luna in splendor, wi' silver rays beaming,  
 sm'd, and in radiance adorn'd the green plain;  
 and while sportive meteors aerial were streaming,  
 led me alone to yon wild woody glen.  
 Along the sweet margin of Glazart's rough stream,  
 youth full of anguish his plaint thus began;  
 as tears of affection made plain his connexion,  
 vile doleful' he sung of his love Mary-Ann.

Oh, once peerless maid, hast thou left me to wander,  
 in scenery sae beauteous thus cheerless to mourn:  
 In these woods wild, thro' which riv'lets meander,  
 sweetest of maids! wilt thou never return?  
 No! never mair shall I see thy lov'd form!—  
 In bless'd domain sae mysterious to man,  
 (as cares thee annoying) thou'rt now peace enjoying,  
 lov'd, my lamented, my sweet Mary-Ann.

Insolate now by these sweet banks o' Glazart,  
 my mind envelop'd amid clouds o' despair,  
 and remote as if lone in some desert,  
 among these wild scenes I'll bewail my lov'd fair.  
 Nothing, O wae's me! can soothe this my wo!  
 This he had breath'd out, his visage grew wan;  
 his eyes wild were beaming, I left him exclaiming,  
 now earth's pleasures—farewell Mary-Ann. \*



## FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

NANNIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 In silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?

*piece is by the author of The Banks of Glazart.*

Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that saft and gentlest mien,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae.  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair? \*

\* We are not aware under what particular circumstances this beautiful song was composed, nor who is the Nannie whom the learned author, Dr. PRACY, Editor of *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, is pleased to designate Fairest of the Fair. This, however, cannot lessen our interest in the delicate delineation of the sacrifices love demands from his captives, to put the disinterestedness of their attachment to the test.

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay.  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

The lav' rocks now, and lintwhites sing ;  
The rocks around with echoes ring ;  
The mavis, and the blackbird's lay,  
In tuneful strains do glad the day ;  
The woods now wear their summer suits ;  
To mirth all nature now invites :  
Let us be blythesome then, and gay,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
Gambol and dance about their dams ;  
The busy bees, with humming noise,  
And all the reptile kind rejoice :  
Let us, like them, then sing and play  
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call ;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams ;  
The circling sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance :

Let us as jovial be as they,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

But soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear;  
At this thy lovely bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade:  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters are no more;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Invermay.



### BLUE EYED ANNE.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

NINE times bleak winter's cranreuch snell  
Despoil'd o' bloom the daisied lea,  
And nine times has the primrose pale  
Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shee,  
Since, where Mountstuart's dusky groves  
Wave o'er yon foaming distant sea,—  
I, blushin', own'd my youthful love,  
And Blue-eyed Anne reprov'd na me.

Wha then cou'd think our joys wad fade!  
Love's dearest pleasures a' we knew;  
And not a cloud was seen to shade  
The blissful scenes young fancy drew:  
But, whyles, misfortune overcasts  
Our fairest hopes when least we dree:—  
Alas! I've born her rudest blast,  
Yet Blue-eyed Anne still smiles on me.

safe retir'd, no more I'll stray  
 ambition's faithless path along,  
 calmly spend the careless day  
 in noon's green winding vales among:  
 aft I'll climb this hoary pile,  
 when spring revives each flower and tree,  
 view yon sweet sequester'd isle,  
 where Blue-eyed Anne first smil'd on me.\*

The charming little song is by the same Author as "*Lassic locks*," and was written in January, 1806, among Dunoon Castle, which command a distant view of the isle of Bute. *Blue-eyed Anne* is Mrs. Macdonald, the Poet's amiable partner, a lady exemplary for her virtues that can adorn the female breast. The first two stanzas refer to the Author's being unsuccessful in his early period of life. Coir-in-sheo, or Corryn-wild, a sequestered spot on the western bank of the truly romantic lake, Loch-haik, Cowal, Argyll—"the days of other years," it was the favourite haunt of the blue-footed deer;" and its mountains, caves, and scenes celebrated in many a hunter's song. No admirer can travel Loch-haik-side, without pleasure: the so truly Alpine is seldom met with in this country. The following stanza of BEATTIE'S Minstrel, is strictly descriptive of this charming spot:—

Along the (*lake's green margin*) you might see,  
 Wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,  
 Here and there a solitary tree,  
 Every stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.  
 And the cliffs reverberate the sound  
 Of red fragments tumbling from on high;  
 From the summit of yon craggy mound  
 The arching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
 Sounding wings to shoot athwart the sky."



## HALUCKET MEG.

TUNE—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

Meg, muckin at Geordie's byre,  
 Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;  
 Ilk daud o' the scattle strack fire,  
 While, loud as a lavrock, she sang!  
 Her Geordie had promis'd to marrie,  
 An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,  
 Not dreamin the job cou'd miscarrie,  
 Already seem'd mistress an' mair!

My neebours, she sang, aften jeer me,  
 An' ca' me, daft, halucket Meg,  
 An' say, they expect soon to hear me  
 I' the kirk, for my fun, get a fleg!  
 An' now, 'bout my marriage they clatter,  
 An' Geordie, poor fallow! they ca'  
 An auld, doitit hav'rel!—Nae matter,  
 He'll keep me ay brankin an' braw!

I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,  
 That the white o' his ee is turn'd out,  
 That his black beard is rough as a heckle,  
 That his mou to his lug's rax'd about;  
 But they need na let on that he's crazie,  
 His pike-staff wull ne'er let him fa';  
 Nor that his hair's white as a daisie,  
 For, fient a hair has he ava!

But a weel-plenish'd mailin has Geordie,  
 An' routh o' guid goud i' his kist;  
 An' if siller comes at my wordie,  
 His beautie, I never wull miss't!  
 Daft gouks, wha catch fire like tinder,  
 Think love-raptures ever wull burn!  
 But wi' poortith, hearts het as a cinder,  
 Wull cauld as an iceshogle turn!

There'll just be ae bar to my pleasure,  
 A bar that's aft fill'd me wi' fear,  
 He's sic a hard, near-be-gawn miser,  
 He likes his saul less than his gear!  
 But tho' I now flatter his failin,  
 An' swear nought wi' goud can compare,  
 Gude sooth! it sall soon get a scailin!  
 His bags sall be mouldie nae mair!

I dreamt that I rade in a chariot,  
 A flunkie ahint me i' green;  
 While Geordie cry'd out, he was harriet,  
 An' the saut tear was blindin his een!  
 But tho' 'gainst my spendin he swear ay,  
 I'll hae frae him what ser's my turn;  
 Let him slip awa whan he grows wearie,  
 Shame fa' me! gin lang I wad mourn!

But Geordie, while Meg was harranguin,  
 Was cloutin his breeks i' the bauks,  
 An' whan a' his failins she brang in,  
 His strang, hazle pike-staff he tak;  
 Designin to rax her a lounder,  
 He chanc'd on the lather to shift,  
 An' down frae the bauks, flat's a flounder,  
 Flew, like a shot-starn frae the lift!

But Meg, wi' the sight, was quite haster'd,  
 An', nae doubt, was bannin ill luck;  
 While the face o' poor Geordie was plaster'd,  
 An' his mou was fill'd fou wi' the muck!  
 Confound ye! cry'd Geordie, an' spat out  
 The glaur that adown his beard ran;—  
 Preserve us! quo Meg, as she gat out  
 The door,—an' thus lost a gudeman! \*

\* We owe this humorous song to the Rev. JAMES NICOL, author of two volumes of poetry. Poor Meg! although we see the

EV'NING SHEDS HER GEMS O' DEW.

TUNE—"Gloomy winter's now awa."

EV'NING sheds her gems o' dew  
 On the heath-bell blossoms blue,  
 Blooming here beneath the yew,  
 Upon thy grave, my Mary, O!  
 Larger drops than those of eve,  
 Burning tears the flowers receive,  
 Grief, that time can ne'er relieve,  
 Wi' me must ever tarry, O.  
 Nought on earth can ere restore  
 Pleasure to my bosom more;  
 Anguish still must wring its core,  
 Till I rejoin my Mary, O!

Lonely here till rosy morn  
 Breathes the scent o' flowery thorn;  
 Sad in sorrow still I'll mourn,  
 In grief for thee, my Mary, O!  
 Pondering o'er my hapless woes,  
 While my bleeding bosom glows,  
 Tears frae keenest anguish flows,  
 My soul for thee is weary, O!  
 Ne'er again, in yonder vale,  
 Breathing sweet the ev'ning gale;  
 Ne'er again thy tender tale  
 Shall sooth my bosom, Mary, O.

fair airy superstructure she had reared, even in contempt of public opinion, tumble at once about her ears, we can scarcely call her unfortunate. She had only expatiated on all the lights and pictures without any of its shades. As for the antiquated worship of the Cyprian Goddess, we must heartily congratulate her on his acquiring, at the cheap rate of a temporary mortification of his gustatory or olfactory feelings, a piece of information which too many in his circumstances are constrained to learn when knowledge can be of little consequence to them.

O'er thae scenes o' past delight  
 Ev'ning draws the shades o' night,  
 Hiding from my aching sight  
 The lov'd resorts o' Mary, O.  
 Haunts! by Clutha flowing clear,  
 Scenes that bring the briny tear,  
 Far is she that made ye dear,  
 Above that vault sae starry, O!  
 O! that brief the time may be,  
 When my soul, frae anguish free,  
 Raptur'd rise to Heaven and thee,  
 My dear departed Mary, O! \*



# MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

As I went over yon meadow,  
 And carelessly passing along,  
 I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,  
 While mournfully singing this sang:  
*The mucking o' Geordie's byre,  
 And the shooling the griup sae clean,  
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,  
 And brought the saut tears frae my een.*

It was nae my father's intention,  
 Nor was it my mither's desire,  
 That e'er I should fyle my fingers  
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.  
*The mucking, &c.*

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,  
 Or the day sae scoury and foul,  
 I wad ay be ganging wi' Geordie;  
 I lik'd it far better than school.

*The mucking, &c.*

We have not been able to learn the name of the writer of original of this song. The copy here given has been altered the author of *The days o' auld langsyne*, who has also added the second stanza.

My brither abuses me daily,  
 For being wi' Geordie sae free;  
 My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,  
 Because he's below my degree.

*The mucking, &c.*

But weel do I like my young Geordie,  
 Although he was cunning and slee;  
 He ca's me his dear and his honey,  
 And I'm sure my Geordie loo's me.\*

*The mucking, &c.*

\* This piece is another of the productions of Balloon Tytler. In addition to the information BURNS gives respecting this singular character, in his note on the *Bonnie bricket lassie*, page 136, the Editor is enabled to add the following from a short account of him written by Dr. CURRIE.—JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country Clergyman in the Presbytery of Brechin. He received a classical education, and was brought up to the profession of medicine, which he followed for some time in Leith, in Berwick, and in Newcastle. Not meeting with success, however, in consequence of a too great attention to religious disputes, he abandoned this profession, commenced author and printer at the same time, and, for a while, continued regularly to print and publish his own works. His publications ultimately brought him into the notice of the booksellers, and from them he afterwards found constant employment in compilations, abridgements, translations, and miscellaneous essays. During his literary career, his labours, for their magnitude and extent, were truly astonishing; but as they scarcely produced him the means of subsistence, in consequence of the parsimony of his employers, turned a portion of his attention to chemistry, electricity, mechanics, in which sciences he made some useful discoveries that he thought might be turned to advantage. But the rage of an individual to whom he communicated one of his most important discoveries, and the total failure of many of his schemes, at length began to prey upon his spirits; and, t

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—" *The Lothian Lassie.*"

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;  
 I said there was naething I hated like men,  
 The deuce tak him to believe me, believe me,  
 The deuce tak him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,  
 And vow'd for my love he was diein ;  
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean,  
 The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein,  
 The Lord forgie me for liein !

A weel stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,  
 And marriage aff-hand was the proffer :  
 I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd,  
 But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer,  
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

otherwise a man of great modesty of disposition and integrity of character, he finally suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. " Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of government in '*A Pamphlet on the Excise,*' and more systematically in a periodical publication, entitled, '*The Historical Register,*' which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was consumed in the wild, irrational plans of the British convention, and published '*A hand bill addressed to the people,*' written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him, and he left his native country and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, where he established a newspaper in connexion with a printer, which he continued till his death, which happened in the year 1806, in the 58th year of his age."

But what do ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
 (The deil's in his taste to gang near her!)  
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could be  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

Sae a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,  
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,  
 Lest neibours might say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,  
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,  
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:  
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.\*

\* The following note upon this song is by the Editor of Works of Burns.—“In the original MS. this line (the 1 verse 4th) runs, ‘He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess.’ Mr. Thomson objected to this word, as well as to the *Dalgarnock* in the next verse. Mr. Burns replies as follow

“*Gateslack* is the name of a particular place, a kind of sage up among the Lawther hills, on the confines of this county. *Dalgarnock* is also the name of a romantic spot near Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial ground. I ever, let the first line run, ‘He up the lang loan,’ &c. It is always a pity to throw out any thing that gives locality to verses.”

## SHE LOO'S ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE—" *Onagh's Waterfall.*"

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.  
Her smiling, sae wyling,  
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;  
What pleasure, what treasure,  
Unto these rosy lips to grow!  
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
When first her bonnie face I saw;  
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she loo's me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
Her prettie ancle is a spy  
Betraying fair proportion,  
Wad make a saint forget the sky,  
Sae warming, sae charming,  
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
Ilk feature—auld Nature  
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:  
Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;  
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she loo's me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
And gaudie show at sunnie noon;  
Gie me the lonely valley,  
The dewie eve, and rising moon  
Fair-beaming, and streaming,  
Her silver light the boughs amang;  
While falling, recalling,  
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:



There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou loo's me best of a' ? \*



### MY ANNA.

How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning!  
 How fair ilka object that lives in the view !  
 Dame Nature the valley and hillock adorning;  
 The primrose and blue-bells yet wet wi' the dew.  
 How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna !  
 Her smile like the sun-beam that glents o'er the lee !  
 To wander and leave her, dear lassie, I canna,  
 Frae love and frae beauty I never can flee.

\* The circumstance which impelled Burns to the composition of this song is unfolded in the following extract from a letter Mr. THOMPSON. "Do you know a blackguard Irish song, call'd *Onagh's Water-fall*? The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, least, for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort her's shall have merit; still I think that it is better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air, than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the *Scots Musical Museum* and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song, to the air above-mentioned, for that work. If it did not suit you as an editor, you may be pleased to have verses it that you can sing before ladies." Mr. THOMPSON, it appears did not admit it into his good company; but in a letter to Burns he says,—“I perceive the sprightly muse is now attendant on her favourite poet, whose *wood-notes* *wild* are becoming as chanting as ever. *She says she loo's me best of a'*, is one of the pleasantest table-songs I have seen, and henceforth shall be when the song is going round.”

nae I loo'd her, and loo her fu' dearly,  
 t hae I preed o' her bonnie sweet mou';  
 ae I read, in her ee blinkin' clearly,  
 age that bade me be constant and true!  
 ers may doat on their fond warly treasure,  
 f, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;  
 y sweet lassie be mine the dear pleasure,  
 'let me live, and wi' her let me die !



## YOUNG ALLAN.

in the west fa's to rest in the e'enin';  
 n blinks cheerfu' upon the green lee;  
 on the pillow o' sorrow ay leanin',  
 ornin' nae e'enin' brings pleasure to me.  
 r' the parting, when, smiling at danger,  
 Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;  
 ould now he lies in a land amang strangers,  
 iends, and frae Helen for ever away.

k on the mountain resists the blast rairin',  
 l he the brunt o' the battle sustain,  
 h'ry arrested his courage sae darin',  
 id him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain.  
 rter the flower divests o' its cleidin',  
 ner again it blooms bonnie to see;  
 ing, alas! can e'er hale my heart bleidin',  
 winter remaining for ever wi' me. \*

e indebted for this and the preceding Song to RICHARD  
 or of *My only Jo and Dearie, O*, and the *Farewell to*  
 See pages 2, and 121.

## SCOTTISH SONGS.

### MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—" *Druimion Dubh.*"

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me;  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to nature's law;  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye, whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye, who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa. \*



### LET DRUNKARDS SING.

TUNE—" *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*"

LET drunkards sing in praise o' wine,  
Their midnight balls an' social glee;  
But *Scotia's* sons may fidge fu' fain,  
While they hae routh o' barley bree.

*French brandy is but trash (shame fi  
Their foreign rum I downa prie;  
Gie me the sterling pith o' maut,  
Aboon them a' it bears the gree!*

\* BURNS tells us "he composed these verses on  
ment to a Mrs. M'LACHLAN, whose husband wa  
the East Indies."

workman wha has toil'd a' day,  
 is down at night frae labour free:  
 care is fled—his smile how gay,  
 han owre a pint o' barley bree.

*French brandy, &c.*

onie ane in barlock-hood,  
 thou'd wi' his neibour disagree;  
 them baith gang in jovial mood,  
 an' settle't owre the barley bree.

*French brandy, &c.*

barley drink, wad they but think,  
 cheaper than a lawyer's fee;  
 'sairly vext, ay mind the text,—  
 It's best to tak' a pint an' gree."

*French brandy, &c.*

seen a chiel cou'd hardly speak,  
 'han ne'er a drap was in his ee:  
 he cou'd lecture for a week,  
 just gie him ay the barley bree!

*French brandy, &c.*

an I've a baubee in my pouch,  
 aften birl it frank an' free;  
 n care can never mak me crouch:—  
 he life o' man is barley bree!

*French brandy, &c.*



# FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT!

here, for honest poverty,  
 'hat hangs his head, and a' that;  
 coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 'e dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine  
A man's a man for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that;  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that;  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.

'or a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.\*



## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

GLOOMY winter's now awa,  
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw :  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw  
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.  
 Sweet the craw-flow'rs early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
 My young, my artless dearie, O.

ns, in a letter to Mr. THOMSON, inclosing the above song,  
 , "a great critic, Aikin, on songs, says, that love and wine  
 exclusive themes for song-writing. The inclosed is on nei-  
 ject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I  
 be two or three pretty good prose thoughts, inverted  
 me."

attening to our nature, that almost all those men who  
 title to be considered its ornaments, have ever been dis-  
 d for their liberality of sentiment and independence of  
 urns, in this spirited piece, has nicely drawn and ap-  
 l the character of an honest and self-acting being, in op-  
 to the puny sycophantical reptile who sacrifices the  
 gnifying qualities of humanity, we will not say of *his*  
 the baser insinuations of interest; whose heart heaves  
 he smile of a capricious master; and should this toy-  
 ol of his worship withdraw this benign influence, he is  
 plunged into the gulf of insignificant despair; nay, he  
 times the courage, although this is rather a phenome-  
 prive the world of a life which he (for his self-concei-  
 his insignificance,) thinks of some importance to

Come, my lassie, let us stray,  
O'er Glenkilloch's sunnie brae,  
Blythely spend the gowden day,  
Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;  
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,  
Adorn the bank sae brierie, O.  
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
Feath'ry breckana fringe the rocks,  
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.  
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
Joy to me they canna bring,  
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O. \*

\* ROBERT TANNAHILL, the author of this song, used to that BURNS "had licked the cream of our Scottish airs;" he has himself served up many delicious treats of this kind to his countrymen, sufficient proofs of which will be found in several parts of this work. His songs are worthy of the Scottish Bards. The language is beautifully natural, and some of the images may rank among the finest flowers of Scottish poetry. His lyrics do not entitle him to the fame of a RAMSAY or a BURNS, but candour must at least allow him to rank among the first of the minor Bards of his country. The following short sketch of his life will not, we presume, be unacceptable to our Readers.

"ROBERT TANNAHILL, the son of an operative weaver born at Paisley, on the 3d of June, 1774. The infancy and early life was spent in sickness and pain, from a complaint which was imputed to him from his birth, and which must have remained with him to the last hour of his life, but for the untiring attention of a careful mother, whose maternal solicitude counteracted the defects of nature. At an early part of his life he was sent to an English school, where it is not known that

nished himself in any particular manner, so as to deserve the censure or applause of those under whose charge he stood. When he had gained sufficient strength to follow a regular employment, he was destined to his father's humble station, to whom he was apprenticed for five years. Long the expiration of this term, he gave considerable indication of a talent for poetical composition, by a little ludicrous descriptive of the foolish eccentricities of a drunken fellow he had, by his folly, become an object of ridicule, in the burgh where ROBERT lived. So limited was our Bard's vision at this period, that he was incapable of committing to writing the offering of his infant muse to writing. His youthful companions used to gather round him, listening with gaping attention while he recited his little poem, envying him the possession of those talents which they were willing to admire, but not hope to imitate. ROBERT now became Poet in earnest, with avidity and attention, almost every poetical composition that fell into his hands—again wrote—recited—was listened to and admired. These rude efforts of his infant muse fastened in the memories of his youthful auditors, were again repeated in other circles, till he became an object of admiration and wherever he was known: and to the applause bestowed at that time, we are probably indebted for the more finished productions of his riper years.—When the term of his servitude expired, and he was left uncontrolled master of his own affairs, he had many opportunities of enlarging the limited circle of his familiar friends. As his songs had heightened the pleasure and enjoyment of many a merry night, frequent and important were the visits which, from friendship or curiosity, he received. But possessing no fortune but health and industry, combining with proud independence the hated idea of being dependent in his amusements by the wealth of others, he carefully shunned observation, and shunned notice, till reluctantly brought into notice by the superior strength of his own genius. As the extreme modesty of his nature, that though the maturity of his mind had ripened into superior excellence, it was a difficulty that his friends could persuade him to offer any of his pieces for publication. With doubtful hesitation, a



copy of his verses were however prepared for a periodical work then publishing in Edinburgh; but whether from that modesty, for which he was conspicuous, or from a dread that his name might swell the list of disgraced correspondents, they appeared under a fictitious character. The fears of the Bard were vain. His verses appeared in the first Number, accompanied by a flattering compliment to the Author, soliciting a continuance of his correspondence—an invitation which he showed no great anxiety to refuse. Thus flattered by the commendation of one whom he considered capable of appreciating the value of his performances, he became a constant correspondent, and, by his verses, adorned the pages of many a succeeding Number. The life of the Bard now rolled on for some time in joyful felicity, unruffled by any accident to excite curiosity, censure, or applause. He had long sung, with careless vivacity, the loves of others, unconscious that the dreaded dart was sharpening for himself. It was customary for the young people of both sexes, in the town where he lived, to meet at particular times, in little convivial bands, where the song, the banter, and the jest, wore away the tedious winter night. At one of those meetings, ROBERT first saw her who afterwards became the subject of so many of his songs. His rank in life being equal to hers, he found no difficulty in communicating to her the wishes of his heart, and felt with rapturous exultation that he needed no advocate in his favour, but the warm emotions of her own soul.

‘ A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
’Twas quickly too reveal’d,  
For neither bosom felt a wish,  
That virtue wants conceal’d.’

Often when the labours of the day were done, and the ‘planting taps were ting’d wi’ goud,’ by the glimmering rays of the setting sun, the happy lovers wandered in mutual bliss, through those delicious scenes which the poet has himself so beautifully described. With hearts beating with fond and endearing affection, they proudly anticipated the joyous days when, undisturbed by jealous doubts and fears, they would be for ever united in the tender ties of conjugal bliss. In the ardour of youthful imagination, the

ired Bard pictured the joys of other times, when, loving  
 oved, they would steal through life without one care to  
 their brows—without one sorrow to sadden their hearts.  
 tic imagination, wandering through the mists of futurity,  
 them in unrepining felicity to the winter of life, where,  
 with age, and withered with decay, they would sink into  
 ne grave, lamented and esteemed by a crowd of weeping

Such were the dreams that delighted the fancy of the

But the lady seeing nothing done to promote the consum-  
 of these wishes, began to repine. She was wise enough  
 that the brightest face is subject to decay, and that time  
 wrinkles on the smoothest brow. Youth may be the sea-  
 love, but it is likewise that delicious period, on the judici-  
 nagement of which, frequently depends the happiness or  
 of our future lives. Another suitor came, whose addres-

re not rejected. The pride of the Bard was stung, and  
 in loud and angry reproach. The fair began to relent, but  
 too late. The vulture jealousy had fixed her talons so  
 in her injured lover's heart, that promises were vain, and  
 ance useless. Although a man of no resentment, he was  
 y jealous of his honour and his fame, and any thing which  
 sidered injurious to either, was calculated to make a strong  
 sting impression on his imagination. His bosom was long  
 atre of contending passions, but the pride of his soul rose  
 or to every other emotion, and after a few extravagant fol-  
 e sought refuge for his distempered imagination in song,  
 th these beautiful verses, he sent her an eternal farewell.

' Accuse me not, inconstant fair,

Of being false to thee,

For I was true, would still been so,

Had'st thou been true to me.

But when I knew thy plighted lips

Once to a rival's prest,

Love-smother'd independence rose,

And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in Nature's field

Conceals the rankling thorn;

So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair,

This once kind heart hath torn.

customed to please, or from a wish to see mankind in of the world, he about this period, for the first time his parental roof," and went to Bolton. Not finding immediately, and the little stock which former in supplied being exhausted, he resolved to enter on board jesty's navy. Having packed up in a handkerchief remains of a scanty wardrobe, he, with a companion set out for the nearest seaport. Stopping at a country for refreshment, they fortunately met with a countryman own, a native of Paisley, and, like themselves, a weaver. Being informed from whence they came, they were bound, he, with the partiality of a countryman, the sympathy of a friend, accommodated them for and in the morning provided them with employment, to their wishes, that they had both the pleasure of earning their supper before it was eat. After a residence of two years in England, ROBERT returned to Paisley in order that he might attend the last days of a dying father, and pay tribute to his memory. Filial piety was ever a powerful

And for the pains which age is doom'd to bear,  
 She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.  
 Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,  
 But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy,  
 She grieves to think she may be burthensome,  
 Now feeble, old, and tott'ring to the tomb.

O hear me, Heaven ! and record my vow,  
 Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue !  
 I swear—Of what thy providence may give,  
 My Mother shall her due maintenance have.  
 'Twas her's to guide me through life's early day,  
 To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way;  
 Now, while her pow'rs in frigid langour sleep,  
 'Tis mine to hand her down Life's rugged steep :  
 With all her little weaknesses to bear,  
 Attentive, kind, to sooth her every care.  
 'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows  
 From lessening an aged Parent's woes.'

his vow " was kept with the sacredness of truth to the last  
 ur of his life. It speaks the filial affections of his heart, and  
 ll long remain an honourable testimony of his worth.

" As many of the inimitable poems of the immortal BURNS  
 re composed while his rustic hands guided the peaceful plough  
 sr the rugged land, honoured with his birth, so were our Bard's  
 the equally irksome, but less inviting, labours of the loom. Cu-  
 sity may be apt to inquire how a man in his dependent circum-  
 nces found leisure for his studies, without a deprivation of  
 ner and more necessary duties. Besides his attachment to the  
 etic muse, he had a slight acquaintance with music, the sister  
 t, and could with tolerable ease step over any common air on  
 wind instrument. He delighted to discover any valuable, old,  
 neglected airs. Whenever any melody fastened on his imagi-  
 tion, he became immediately ambitious to unite it to appropri-  
 e words, and, by humming it over at his loom, his fancy soon  
 pplied his wishes, without any considerable relaxation of his  
 bour. His writing desk, which was simply a deal board, stood  
 ways at his elbow, and held his pen, ink, paper, a music book,  
 id a German flute. When his thoughts had gained a regular  
 oetic form, they were committed to writing, and his labour im-

new ones on a scale too small to be every where  
were sung in every company, and his fame, by some  
reached the metropolis of the British empire. A Po  
zine on a very splendid style was published in Lond  
year 1805. He had the honour to be solicited as a co  
and furnished them with a number of pieces. It  
that ROBERT, from this period, entertained a much hi  
of his poetical talents than he had hitherto done, and  
implicitly to the opinions of those who urged him to  
works into a volume. The reception it met with, wa  
extremely flattering to the author, the whole impr  
bought up in a few weeks; and although it contained  
minate collection of his whole works, it was received  
lic with the most flattering applause. His songs we  
cularly admired, that it was difficult for the author  
room without hearing them sung from some contiguous  
This was a satisfaction to his soul which he could not  
it always immediately abstracted his mind from the c  
of his friends. This was the happiest period of Ro  
He had gained the pinnacle of his wishes—the lab  
years were before the public—the number of his frien  
creased, and he had as yet listened only to the gentle  
friendship. or the more welcome voice of applause. 1

abilities, and jealous of his reputation and fame. But compliments of a thousand friends could not fortify him against a single foe. Every insult he received from ignorance was treasured in his memory, and sat brooding over him at his heart. His temper became jealous, irritable, and a melancholy gloom often pervaded his life. The compliments of his friends were sometimes taken for arrows of ridicule, and happiness had fled for ever. His fame was still the favourite idol of his heart, and he planned a new volume that would put malevolence and envy to defiance. The concurring opinion of his friends convinced him of what he was before unwilling to believe. The strength of his genius lay in the writing of Scotch songs. Every effort of his fancy was now exclusively devoted to this muse. Nearly a hundred songs of exquisite beauty, many of which, but for an unhappy deprivation, which tempted him to destroy them, would have secured him mortal fame. He corresponded with, and was assisted by some eminent literary and musical characters. Their complimentary epistles elevated his hopes, and dispelled the gloom of his heart. The day of triumph, he hoped, was fast approaching; the day when he would elevate his fame, and put his enemies to shame. His songs were corrected, arranged, and offered to a Bookseller for publication. A few weeks passed over, and they were returned without being opened, or any offer for them made. This was the first blow to his hopes ever sustained. His fortitude was unshaken. Other real or imaginary insults succeeded, and he sunk into the most gloomy despondency. He considered as combined in battle array against him; that his fame was lost, and that his fame was lost. The bloom of youth began to fade; his eyes became hollow, serious, and his voice was at times mournful, tremulous, and low, and his frame seemed sinking into decay. The agitation was evident by its abstraction from the conversation. He delighted to talk long on particular subjects. He began to lose its influence over his mind, but his dear favourite idol of his heart. A few days before

his death he called on a friend, and expressed his desire to travel through the country, that he might know what the world thought of him. He wished to become a member of some of the masonic lodges, and collected a number of his friends together for that purpose. During the performance of that ceremony which is not wonderfully calculated to inspire serious emotion the big tears rolled in rapid succession down his mournful cheek. The act of initiation over, he was seated by the grand master's side. The derangement of his mind then became more apparent. A song was called for, and the singer, in compliment to him, sung *The Burnside*. ROBERT rose, and with an aspect serious and sad as the dying culprit, when he holds his imploring hands to heaven, told, that when this song was written, he knew nothing of masonry. His imagination pictured it as having a relation to that order. The company gazed; his friends blushed; but the unhappy Bard was insensible to either. On the morning of May 16th, 1810, he visited a friend in Glasgow. His eyes were then wild and disordered; his pulse beat with violent agitation, as an alarming perspiration bathed his brow. His complaints of the treachery of his friends, the decay of his fame, and the insupportable misery of life were incessant. His friend endeavoured to soothe him, but in vain; and some indications of a desire to leave a world that he hated, made it necessary to convey him home. He was then more tranquil; and, after appointing a time for seeing his friend on the morning, went to bed, and appeared to sink into a calm sleep. About three o'clock his mother, alarmed by the barking of a favourite dog. She rose to quiet the animal, and found that ROBERT had left the house. His friends were alarmed, and after a little search, he was found descending a tunnel of the burn that had been the scene of one of his best songs."

## GLOOMY WINTER'S COME AGAIN.

TUNE—"Gloomy Winter's now awa."

Gloomy winter's come again;  
 Heavy fa's the sleet and rain;  
 Flaky snaw decks white the plain,  
 Whare Nature bloom'd sae cheerie, O.  
 Hoary frost o'erspreads the dell,  
 Glazing firm each crystal rill;  
 They mind me o' thy fickle sel',  
 My fair yet faithless Mary, O.  
 I lanely tread each trackless way,  
 Whare wi' thee, Mary, I did stray;  
 My heart's oppress'd wi' grief and wae,  
 Thou'rt false, and a' looks drearie, O.

The snaw-clad hills o'ertap the cluds,\*  
 The hares rin tim'rous thro' the wuds,  
 The trees, forsaken by their buds,  
 Are emblems o' my Mary, O.  
 A' around deserted looks,  
 Tangles fringe the barren rocks,  
 While bairnies by the ingle nooks,  
 Tell tales that mak them cerie, O.  
 Storms may rage, and tempests roar,  
 Restless billows beat the shore,  
 Joy on earth I'll find no more,  
 Unless I'm blest wi' Mary, O. \*

We have heard this beautiful counterpart to *Gloomy winter's now awa*, attributed to the pen of Mr. JAMES AITCHISON, a native of Edinburgh. Whether this be the fact or not, we shall pretend to determine; but may remark, that its poetical measures such as need not make the Author blush to acknowledge



## SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I loo'd her meikle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my h  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind:  
 O woman lovely, woman fair!  
 An angel form's faun to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair.  
 I mean an angel mind.



## ANDREW WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.

SHE took me in, she set me down,  
 She hecht to keep me lawin-free;  
 But, wylie Carlin that she was!  
 She gart me birl my bawbie.

*Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,  
 Blythe was she butt an ben;  
 Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

I lo'ed the liquor weel enough,  
 But, wae's my heart, my cash ran done  
 Lang or I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith was I to pawn my shoos!  
*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

When we had three times toom'd the stowp,  
And the niest chappin new begun,  
Wha started in to heeze our hope,  
But Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;  
Weel did the cannie kimmer ken,  
It gart the swats gae glibber down.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
Till dawin we ne'er jeed our bum;  
And ay the cleanest drinker out  
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

He did like onie mavis sing,  
While she below his oxter sat;  
He ca'd her ay his bonnie thing,  
And monie a sappy kiss she gat.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far ayont the sun,  
But the cleverest lad that e'er I saw  
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

*Blythe, blythe, &c.*



#### BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,  
They were twa bonnie lasses;  
They bigg'd a house on yon burn brae,  
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,  
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;  
She smiles like a May morning,  
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hills with rays adorning:  
White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;  
With ilka grace she can command;  
Her lips, O wow! they're daintie.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dances:  
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is,  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,  
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us;  
Our fancies jee between you twae,  
Ye are sic bonnie lasses:  
Waes me! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by law we're stented;  
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
And be with ane contented.\*

\* The first stanza of this song is supposed to be part of the original, which it is to be regretted RAMSAY altered, substituting his own verses in its stead, it being highly probable that the present song is much inferior to the old one, which was founded on the following story:—"The celebrated BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY are buried near Lyndoch (the seat of the hero of Ba-

## THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

TUNE—"The rock and the wee pickle tow."

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' lan',  
 An' my heart aye louns light when I'm viewin' o't;  
 An' I hae servants at my comman',  
 An' twa daintie cowtes for the pleughin' o't.  
 My farm's a snug ane, lies high on a mair,  
 The muir-cocks an' plovers aft skirl at my door,  
 An' whan the sky low'rs, I'm aye sure o' a show'r,  
 To moisten my land for the pleughin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,  
 It taks sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't;  
 I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,  
 An' a daintie bit bog for the mawin' o't.  
 A spence an' a kitchen my mansion-house gies,  
 I've a daintie wee wifie to daut when I please,  
 Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp owre the leas,  
 An' they'll soon can assist at the pleughin' o't.

rossa, Lord Lyndoch). The common tradition is, that the father of the former was laird of Kinvaid, in the neighbourhood of Lyndoch, and the father of the latter laird of Lyndoch; that these two young ladies were both very handsome, and a most intimate friendship subsisted between them; that while Miss BELL was on a visit to Miss GRAY, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which, they built themselves a bowser, about three-quarters of a mile west from Lyndoch house, in very retired and romantic place, called Burn-braes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time, but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman, who was in love with them both, and her they died. The burial place lies about half a mile west from the present house of Lyndoch, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Major BERRY, the late proprietor of Lyndoch, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends.

My biggin' stands sweet on a south slopin' hill,  
 An' the sun shines sae bonnie beamin' on't,  
 An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,  
 Frae the loch, whare the wild ducks are swimin' on't  
 An' on its green banks, on the gay simmer days,  
 My wifie trips barefoot, a-bleachin' her claes,  
 An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,  
 While I whistle an' sing at the pleughin' o't.

To rank amang farmers I hae muckle pride,  
 But I mauna speak high whan I'm tellin' o't,  
 How brawlie I strut on my sheltie to ride,  
 Wi' a sample to shaw for the sellin' o't.  
 In blue worset boots that my auld mither span,  
 I've aft been fu' voggie sin' I was a man,  
 But now they're flung by, an' I've coft cordivan,  
 And my wifie ne'er grudg'd me a shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan to kirk or to market I gae,  
 My weelfare what need I be hidin' o't;  
 In braw leather boots, shinin' black as the slae,  
 I dink me to try the ridin' o't.  
 Last towmond I sell'd aff four bowes o' gude bear,  
 An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,  
 An' I cam hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin' clear,  
 I had sic gude luck in the sellin' o't.

Now hairst time is owre, an' a fig for the laird,  
 My rent's now secured for the toilin' o't;  
 My fields are a' bare, an' my craps in the yard,  
 An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o't.  
 Now welcome gude weather, come wind, or come weel  
 Or bauld ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,  
 Nae mair can he draigle my crap' mang his feet,  
 Nor wraik his mischief in the spoilin' o't.

An' on the douf days, whan loud hurricanes blaw,  
 Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be viewin' o't,  
 An' jink the rude blast in my rush-theeket ha',  
 Whan fields are seal'd up frae the pleughin' o't.

My bonnie wee wifie, the bairnies, an' me,  
 The peat-stack and turf-stack our Phæbus shall be,  
 Till day close the scoul o' its angry ee,  
 An' we'll rest in gude hopes o' the pleughin' o't.



### THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WH<sup>A</sup> the deil hae we got for a King,  
 But a wee, wee German lairdie !  
 An' whan we gade to bring him hame,  
 He was delving in his kail-yardie.  
 Sheughing kail an' laying leeks,  
*But* \* the hose and but the breeks,  
 Up his beggar duds he cleeks,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

An' he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie;  
 An' he's brought fouth o' foreign leeks,  
 An' dibblet them in his yardie.  
 He's pu'd the rose o' English lowns,  
 An' brak the harp o' Irish clowns,  
 But our thistle will jag his thumbs,  
 The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,  
 Thou wee, wee German Lairdie;  
 And see how Charlie's lang kail thrive,  
 He dibblet in his yardie.  
 An' if a stock ye daur to pu',  
 Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,  
 We'll break yere sceptre owre yere mou',  
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,  
 Nae fitting for a yardie;  
 An' our norlan' thristles winna pu',  
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !

\* *But*, without.

An' we've the trenching blades o' wier,  
 Wad lib ye o' yere German gear;  
 An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,  
 Thou feckless German lairdie! \*

\* "There are several variations of this curious old song. 'one here' given "seems a little more modern: the others more homely and coarse in their manner. With the Revolution commences the era of *Jacobite Song*. The romantic spirit of prior adventure had begun to leave the Scotch. It hovered over them like a decaying flame, after the quenching of those deeds which feasted on the richest blood of the sister kingdom. Those warlike songs which stirred the valour of their ancestors began to fade along with it. The quarrels of rival houses, private family broils, had now entirely ceased; and the Caledonian muse was doffing her steely weeds, and piping of rural life and sweet tranquillity, when the fatal Rebellion of 1715 restored the gory plumes to her cap, and wreathed her brows with laurels dripping in the blood of her country. It was but a momentary glimpse for the poetic exploit of warlike ballad; but, among the peasantry, it gained a surer hold. They beheld, with a prompt on revenge, the fall of many of their most popular nobles. They were secretly attached to their beloved Stuarts. It was the rise of many of their finest Jacobite ballads and so which, for bitter humour, and manly feeling, are scarcely surpassed by the compositions of any age or nation. The rash and disastrous attempt of the brave, the gallant, but unfortunate CHARLES, drew on unhappy Scotland the awful punishment affixed to Rebellion; a punishment that was inflicted with so unrelenting a hand, that the prophecy of the fanatic PEDER seemed now accomplished—'Scotland! the time is nigh when we may fifty miles 'mang thy hills and thy vallies, nor find a ree house, nor hear a crawling cock.' This is the second era of *Jacobite Song*. Many of the afflicting and plaintive kind belong to this period. The awful visitations of the Duke of CUMBERLAND are yet remembered among the peasantry with horror! His *vague* butcheries deeply imprinted themselves into the hearts

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 at can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
 ick on the pennie that tempted my minnie  
 sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!  
 lways compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin',  
 hosts and he hirples the wearie day lang;  
 loy't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,  
 drearie's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

h. It would be superfluous to offer any apology for the tendency of these Jacobite Ballads. Time has now softened those animosities which, at a former period, would have invoked the rigour of the law on those who ventured to dissent from the fate of the unfortunate Chevalier, or to praise the loyalty of his adherents; and a Briton can now enter into the claims and attachments of his ancestors without having the execution held over him. The rival claims of Stuart and Brunswick are to the present generation no more a matter of contention than those of York and Lancaster: they have been set at rest by the total extinction of the ancient line of the kings of England. In this, as in all our civil wars, the question of right has been decided by an appeal to arms; and the victorious party has claimed the privilege of branding the vanquished with the stigma of rebellion. It is a wise remark of the FLETCHER, that, 'as the most just and honourable end when they fail, are accounted in the number of rebellion; all attempts, however unjust, if they succeed, always wash themselves of all guilt and suspicion.' Posterity, however, is bound to do justice to the character of those men who devoted their lives to what *they* conceived to be the just cause; their courage and loyalty have a double claim on our respect, when we consider that they were our ancestors—our countrymen; and that they were denounced as traitors only because they were unsuccessful. It is remarkable, that on the side of PRINCE CHARLES, the national poets have ranged themselves, from those who lived in his day, down to BURNS and CAMPBELL."



He hums and he hankers, he frets and he canks  
I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellow  
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-brea  
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pi



### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TUNE—"Hey tultie taitie."

I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;  
The day is ay fair, Jean,  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you, Jean,  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
And we grudg'd her right sair  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
My soul langs to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sell wears past, Jean,  
 And joy's comin fast, Jean,  
 The joy that's ay to last •  
 In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,  
 We've lang been left alane, Jean,  
 We'll a' meet again, Jean,  
 In the land o' the leal.  
 Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet, and ay be fain,  
 In the land o' the leal.



#### THE HARPER OF MULL.

Now Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,  
 Gladsome as summer the time glided by;  
 I'd my harp cheerie, while fondly I sang  
 The charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang;  
 Now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,  
 The summer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,  
 The dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,  
 Cheerless for ay is the Harper of Mull.

Under the glens and the wild woods alane,  
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;  
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,  
 And sadly I sing of the days that are gane.  
 Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,  
 The thought of her beauty but feeds my despair;  
 A painful remembrance my bosom is full,  
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

Umb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,  
 And every young Rosie appear'd in my dream;

I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,  
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.  
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;  
Thou wak'd'st me to tortures unequal'd before;  
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,  
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.\*

\* At a convivial meeting, where ROBERT TANNAHILL was present, a dispute arose about the chastity of the fair, and their fidelity to the marriage vow. ROBERT, although disappointed in the only amour in which he was ever engaged, supported their cause with a firmness and zeal which he was not always accustomed to exhibit. His opponent, who laboured under the gloom of disappointment, wishing to support his argument by example, hurried over a long list of unfaithfuls, and ended his harangue by reciting the infidelity of ROSIE, and the sorrows of the unhappy Harper of Mull. The Bard listened with attention; and such was the impression made on his mind, that in a few days he presented his friends with the above beautiful song. The original story is long and interesting, occupying many pages of the *Bee*, a periodical work published a number of years since in Edinburgh. It is briefly as follows:—"In the island of Mull lived a harper, conspicuous for nothing so much as his exquisite performance on that instrument, and his attachment to a lovely rosy-cheeked nymph, who was esteemed by the inhabitants of the island as the sweetest object ever formed by the hand of nature. As the harper was universally esteemed and admired for his sprightly appearance, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners, he soon gained the heart of his ROSIE, and in a few weeks after he made her his bride. Soon after the nuptial ceremony was performed, he set out on a visit to some low country friends, accompanied by his ROSIE, and his harp, which had been a companion to him in all his journies for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold and shivering faintness fell upon ROSIE, and she sunk almost lifeless into the harper's arms. His tartan plaid he unbound from his arm, and hastily wrapped it round her shivering frame, but the cold sweat still

ELIZA.

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore;  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar:  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never, never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A boding voice is in my ear,  
 We part to meet no more!  
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh.

ed on her bloodless cheek, like the silver dew on the lily's  
 Distracted and alarmed, he hurried in wild disorder from  
 o place, in search of fuel to revive the dying ember of life.  
 ould be found. His harp lay carelessly on the grass. Its  
 ed strings vibrated to the blast. The harper loved it dear  
 own life, but he loved his ROSIE better than either. His  
 s arms were applied to its sides, and in a few minutes it  
 ckling on the heath. ROSIE soon revived, and resumed  
 rney as soon as morning began to purple the east. Step-  
 own the sloping side of a hill, they were met by a hunter  
 eback, who addressed ROSIE in the style of an old and  
 r friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspecting  
 rs, paced slowly down the hill. Wondering at his ROSIE's  
 he turned round and saw the faithless fair seated on the  
 's steed. The horse flew swift as the wind. The harper,  
 ed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then pacing heavi-  
 e, he, sighing, exclaimed,—' Fool that I was to burn my  
 or her.' "

## MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love  
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder;  
A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?  
Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
Begone, you hallanshaker;  
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
I'm fidging fain to see thee;  
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
In troth I winna steer thee:  
For I'm a piper to my trade,  
My name is Rob the Ranter;  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
When I blow up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags?  
Or is your drone in order?  
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,  
Live you upon the border?  
The lasses a', baith far and near,  
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;  
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,  
Gif you'll blow up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
About the drone he twisted;  
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
For brawly could she frisk it.  
Weel done, quoth he: play up, quoth she:  
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;  
'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,  
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,  
Your cheeks are like the crimson ;  
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
Since we lost Habby Simpson.  
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
These ten years and a quarter ;  
Gin you should come to Anster fair,  
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

---

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,  
And winter yet did blaud her,  
When the Ranter cam to Anster fair,  
An' spier'd for Maggy Lauder ;  
A snug wee house in the East Green,  
It's shelter kindly lent her ;  
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth stane,  
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter !

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,  
An' to the kirk they ranted ;  
He play'd the auld " East Nook o' Fife,"  
An' merry Maggie vaunted,  
That *Hab* himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,  
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,  
For he made Anster town to ring ;  
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter !

For a' the talk an' loud reports  
That ever gaed against her,  
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,  
As ever was in Anster ;  
An' since the marriage knot was ty'd,  
Rob swears he couldna want her,  
For he lo'es Maggy as his life,  
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

## CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow;  
 But a' the pride o' spring's return  
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.  
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing;  
 But what a wearie wight can please,  
 And care his bosom wringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love anither,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.\*



## WHAT AILS YOU PATE.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

WHAT ails you now, my daintie Pate,  
 Ye winna wed an' a' that?

\* This song, says BURNS, "was composed on a passion which a Mr. GILLESPIE, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss LOMMER, afterwards a Mrs. WHELPDALE. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn Wood."

Craigie-burn Wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigie-burn and of Dumcrief, were at one time favourite haunts of our poet. It was there he met the *Lassie wi' the tint-white locks*, and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.

ay, are ye fley'd, or are ye blate,  
 To tell your love an' a' that?  
 To kiss an' clap, an' a' that?  
 O fy for shame, an' a' that,  
 To spend your life without a wife;  
 'Tis no the gate ava that.

re lang you will grow auld an' frail,  
 Your haffets white an' a' that;  
 n' whare's the Meg, the Kate, or Nell,  
 Will hae you syne wi' a' that?  
 Runkl'd brow an' a' that;  
 Wizen'd face an' a' that;  
 Wi' beard sae grey, there's nane will hae  
 A kiss frae you, an' a' that.

stand na up wi' *whare* an' *how*,  
 Wi' *ifs* an' *buts* an' a' that;  
 Wi' feckless scruples not a few:  
 Pu' up your heart an' a' that.  
 Crousely crack an' a' that;  
 Come, try your luck an' a' that:  
 The *Hiney-Moon* will ne'er gang done,  
 If guidit weel an' a' that.

here's monie lass baith douce an' fair,  
 Fu' sonsy, fier, an' a' that,  
 Vad suit you to a very hair,  
 Sae clever they're an' a' that;  
 Handsome, young, an' a' that,  
 Sae complaisant an' a' that;  
 Sae sweet an' braw, an' gude an' a';  
 What ails the chield at a' that?

ome, look about, an' wale a wife,  
 Like honest fouk an' a' that;  
 an' lead a cheerfu' virtuous life;  
 Hae plenty, peace, an' a' that;



A thrifty wife an' a' that,  
An' bonnie bairns an' a' that;  
Syne in your ha' shall pleasures a'  
Smile ilka day an' a' that. \*

\* ALEXANDER DOUGLAS, the author of this song, is of Strathmiglo, on the Eden, in Fifeshire, where, we still resides. His parents, honest, sober, and industrious, only able to give him that ordinary education, which, in the United Kingdom, is generally within the reach of the poorest. His own genius and steady application secured him, in some degree, what fortune withheld. His parents had a taste for reading, for which he had, from his earliest years, covered a particular fondness, and he himself carefully saved the few pence, which he was then able to earn by assisting the weavers in the village, till he found an opportunity of purchasing some of the cheap pamphlets, which are hawked about in the summer he was employed as a cow-herd; and this humble occupation afforded him some opportunity of reading, which he carefully embraced. At the age of 16 he was put apprentice to a linen weaver in his native village, being a man of considerable knowledge, was useful to DOUGLAS in directing his studies. When this period expired, his master went to reside in Pathhead, near Edinburgh, whither DOUGLAS accompanied him. After leaving Pathhead he married; but the cares of a family did not interrupt him, for he continued the practice of reading, only at his intervals of leisure, and composed, or in his own language, "his verses," while he worked at his loom; and as he was in the progress of his song, his shuttle acquired a peculiarity which more than overbalanced the loss of the short intervals which was necessary to commit the verses to a slate. Induced by the advice of some of his friends, he was induced to publish a volume of his poems, some of which possess considerable merit, and abound with humorous but exact descriptive manners and customs, which are now nearly worn out

## THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

How blythe was I ilk morn to see  
My swain come o'er the hill!  
He leap'd the burn, and flew to me,  
I met him wi' good will.

*O, the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom,  
The broom of the Cowdenknowes!  
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
While his flocks near me lay;  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And cheer'd me a' the day.

*O, the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by;  
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd wi' his melody.

*O, the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time, by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play,  
I envied not the fairest dame,  
Though e'er sae rich and gay.

*O, the broom, &c.*

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,  
Gang heavily, and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.

*O, the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;  
Could I but faithfu' be?  
He staw my heart; could I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

*O, the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit,  
That held my wee soup whey,  
My plaidie, broach, and crooked stick,  
Maun now lie useless by.

*O, the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu !  
Fareweel a' pleasures there !  
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
It's a' I crave or care.

*O, the broom, &c.*

---

#### THE ROSY BRIER.

TUNE—" *I wish my love was in a mire.*"

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,  
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
And bonnie she, and, ah ! how dear !  
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
How pure amang the leaves sae green ;  
But purer was the lover's vow  
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair ;  
But love is far a sweeter flower  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimplin burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

## THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

TUNE—" *I had a horse.*"

FAR lone amang the Highland hills,  
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,  
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,  
 With weary steps I wander.  
 The langsome way, the darksome day,  
 The mountain-mist sae rainy,  
 Are nought to me when gaun to thee,  
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie !

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,  
 Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,  
 It blinks beneath the hazle bough,  
 An's scarcely seen by onie:  
 Sae sweet, amidst her native hills,  
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie;  
 Mair fair an' gay than rosy May,  
 The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow  
 I view the distant ocean ;  
 There av'rice guides the bounding prow—  
 Ambition courts promotion.  
 Let fortune pour her golden store,  
 Her laurel'd favours many—  
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,  
 The lass o' Arranteenie. \*

TO ROBERT TANNAHILL, author of the above song, the difficulty of procuring a subject for his verses was sometimes greater than the task of composing them ; and for this he was often introduced to the conversation and adventures of his friends. In the month of the year in which he wrote *The Harper of Mull*, a friend " set out with a party of pleasure on an excursion to the in-lands of the Highlands of Scotland. Returning home, chance led him to lodge for the night at Arranteenie, a respectable

## BESSIE'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE—" *Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.*"

By the side o' yon river, as Bessie sat sighin',  
 Lamentin' her Jamie frae her far awa,  
 The last sound o' the bell on the night-breeze was dyin',  
 An' careless aroun' her the dew-drops did fa' :

inn on the side of Loch-Long. He was here introduced to a young lady, who resided with the family, whose manners and appearance formed a striking contrast to those of her sex he was accustomed to see in other parts of his journey. Entering into conversation, he found her so amiable and accomplished, that curiosity, which was at first excited, was succeeded by admiration, and admiration by a warmer passion. The night, in her presence, stole hastily by. Morning again introduced him to her and, O delicious pleasure! he had the happiness to touch a pretty hand. What mighty favours does not fortune sometimes bestow!! The lover's soul was on fire—the day advanced fast for his wishes, and he saw, with chagrin and concern, careless companions prepare for their journey. The vessel must bear him across the water was prepared, and he must—part from heaven and an angel, and again mix with dull insipid mortality.

‘ Was ever mortal man so cursed before!’

With slow and reluctant steps he entered on board, and, at the stern, cursed every blast of wind that impelled th from the shore. On his return home, he was visited by th who, with friendly curiosity, inquired whether he had s thing entertaining on his journey. O yes, he exclaimed seen the most divine object in all created nature. In lady had so ingrossed his soul, that all the grandeur of Highland scenery were forgot. At the end of eigh returned to the inn; but the flame that had burned s exhausted, and he found the angel of his hopes sunk and erring woman. The mania of his soul was re the Bard had caught the infection of his disease, and sence, wrote *The Lass of Arrantecree.*”

ome, she cried, thou sweet hour o' devotion!  
 e, bonnie moon, a young lassie does ca';  
 early, an' witness my full heart's emotion;  
 ink on my Jamie, tho' he be awa.

he was here, or gin I had gaen wi' him:—  
 whisht my fond heart, he will quickly return;  
 s shall enfauld him; soon, soon shall I see him,  
 e'er on this bank again lanely I'll mourn.  
 u, bonnie moon, whast beheld my sad wailin',  
 it to Jamie, O tell it him a';  
 razin' on thee, owre the deep as he's sailin',  
 air be the breezes aroun' him that blaw.

et is't to see thee shine clearly an' bonnie,  
 ie gay fiel's o' harst, or the silvery snaw—  
 eet are these scenes! but far sweeter than onie  
 ad to me dearest, tho' he be awa:  
 it to me's Nature, tho' varied in feature;  
 out him—nae joy can it gie me ava:—  
 ie then, my laddie, O come, binna later,  
 rearie's the time whan frae me ye're awa.



# FAIR HELEN.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

ght rose o' simmer the brier was adornin',  
 weet fell the perfume encirclin' the flower,  
 on its leaves hung the tears o' the mornin',  
 aft sigh'd the gale thro' the brier-shaded bower:  
 en, fair Helen, the early dawn courtin',  
 ar'd, an' now pale grew the rose's deep dye;  
 ival'd Aurora beheld the nymph sportin',  
 antled her face in a fold o' the sky.

Enraptur'd I saw her sae bloomin' an' bonnie,  
 That love bade the full tide o' fervour to flow;  
 But blame na my ardour, for tell me could onie  
 Resist the fond impulse—ah! tell me? oh no.—  
 Though calm was the hour, and delicious the pleasure,  
 When viewin' the beauties o' Nature sae fair,  
 Beside lovely Helen, 'twas joy without measure,  
 The fairest, the dearest, the sweetest was there!

A boon may I venture to beg frae thee Heaven?  
 Amid a' my care, an' my toil, an' my fear,  
 Be the heart-warmin' impulse o' frien'ship me given,  
 To live in her smile, or be worthy her tear:  
 An' never, thou dread power, Adversity, bend her;  
 . Frae sadness an' sorrow, oh! ay be she free:  
 That ilka true bliss may for ever attend her,—  
 Is the prayer o' the poet, dear Helen, for thee.\*



#### AND SAE WILL WE YET.

SIT ye down here my cronies, and gie me your crack,  
 Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;

\* This and the preceding song were composed by a young gentleman in Glasgow, whose name the Editor is not at liberty to publish. "The one to the air of *The Flower of Dumblane*," says the Author, in a letter to the Editor, "was written in compliment to a particular favourite of the Author's. That to the air of the *Humours of Glen*, in compliment to a young lady of this city, at once beautiful in person, and accomplished in mind. To be eloquent in her praise would be an easy task, to enumerate her virtues a pleasant one, but they are alike known and acknowledged. And it is to be hoped that *I* will not incur the imputation of flattery, when even she is unconscious of being thus recorded."

Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,  
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:  
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.

Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,  
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;  
We'll ay be provided for the longer we sit,  
For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae will  
we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through:  
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
And success to his forces by land and by sea:  
His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
Britons ay have been victorious, and sae will they yet.

And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrilie roun',  
For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down:  
Till the house be rinnin round about, 'tis time enough  
to flit,

When we fell we ay got up again, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.



## THE LASSIE O' THE GLEN.

TUNE,—“*Tiunntai uam le t-fheusaig ribaich.*”  $\Delta$ 

BENEATH a hill, 'mang birken bushes,  
 By a burnie's dimpilt linn,  
 I told my love, wi' artless blushes,  
 To the lassie o' the glen.

*O the birken bank sae grassy,  
 Hey the burnie's dimpilt linn :  
 Dear to me's the bonnie lassie,  
 Living in yon rashy glen.*

Lanely Ruail! thy stream sae glassy,  
 Shall be ay my fav'rite theme;  
 For, on thy banks my Highland lassie  
 First confess'd a mutual flame.

*O the birken, &c.*

There, as she mark'd the sportive fish  
 Upward spring wi' quiv'ring fin,  
 I slyly stole some melting kisses,  
 Frae the lassie o' the glen.

*O the birken, &c.*

What bliss! to sit, and nane to fash  
 In some sweet wee bow'ry den;  
 Or fondly stray among the rashes,  
 Wi' the lassie o' the glen.

*O the birken, &c.*

But tho' I wander now unhappy,  
 Far frae scenes we haunted then  
 I'll ne'er forget the—bank sae gras  
 Nor—the lassie o' the glen. \*

*O the birken, &c.*

\* The above song is another of the producti  
 FLETCHER (see page 170). Ruail (mentione  
 is a beautiful stream that winds slowly throu  
 of the pastoral valley of Glendaruel, Argyll

## NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

TUNE—" *I had a horse.*"

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;  
The soaring hern the fountains;  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender;  
Some social join and leagues combine;  
Some solitary wander:  
Vaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion;  
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
The sky is blue, the field in view,  
All fading-green and yellow:  
Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
And view the charms of nature;  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
 Swear how I love thee dearly:  
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer!



# HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

TUNE—" *Could kail in Aberdeen.*"

How long and drearie is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie!  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Tho' I were ne'er sae wearie.

*For, oh! her lanely nights are lang;  
 And, oh! her dreams are eerie:  
 And, oh! her widow'd heart is sair  
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;  
 And now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I be but eerie?

*For, oh! &c.*

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!  
 The joyless day, how drearie!  
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

*For, oh! &c.*

## NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOW'RS.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs,  
 To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs,  
 And now comes in my happy hours,  
 To wander wi' my Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blaw,  
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
 Daintie Davie, Daintie Davie ;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear daintie Davie.*

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 I flee to his arms I loo best,  
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

*Meet me on, &c.*



## THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go  
 To the braes o' Balquhither,  
 Where the blae-berries grow  
 'Mang bonnie Highland beather ;  
 Where the deer and the rae,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang summer day,  
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;  
 I will range thro' the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae drearie,  
 And return wi' their spoils,  
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 'Till the dear sheeling ring  
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad Innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquithier.\*

\* The above song, by ROBERT TANNAHILL, is highly characteristic of that Poet's manner. In the warmth of his feelings always refers us to those juvenile eras of our life which has gilded over with her brightest hues, and which the more and formal hand of fastidious judgment has not been able to discolour. By this manner, which we think the very best of compositions of this kind, he has ever a ready access to our hearts, by re-embodiment of those lively images of past delight and joy, which we never can contemplate but with enthusiasm, and let the inhabitant of the flowery lawn, when he compares the glowing idea with the bleak and barren hill, reflect that it is not scenery alone, but that connexion which subsists

## MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.  
 The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O;  
 But what care I how few there be?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

ads between place and circumstances, which renders the haunts  
 early residence ever dear. The exiled Highlander, expatiat-  
 over the luxuriance of the more favoured champagne, may  
 highly pleased; but when, in the expressive language of our  
 rd, "to his dear native hills he journeys," his feelings are  
 and the latitude of even this term.

Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O.



### GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a';  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:  
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw!  
 In sorrow may ye never part!  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone;  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on your muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Wha show'd himself a better man,  
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?  
 But when in peace,—then mark me there—  
 When thro' the glen the wand'rer came,  
 I gave him of our lordly fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
 Be cantie, but be good and leal;  
 Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,  
 Anither's ay hae heart to feel.  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa':  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine:  
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a'.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?  
 The fairest dame's in yon town,  
 That e'ening sun is shining on.  
 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;  
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,  
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee.  
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year;  
 And doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.  
 Without my love, not a' the charms  
 Of paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's drearie sky.  
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
 Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon;  
 A fairer than's in yon town,  
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.  
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,  
 I'd careless quit aught else below;  
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.



For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart:  
And she—as fairest is her form,  
She has the truest, kindest heart. \*

~~~~~

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
The bonnie bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender:
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

* “The heroine of this song, Mrs. O. (formerly Miss L. J.), died lately at Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impression of her attractions to other generations. The song is written in the character of her husband.”

bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;
 sweets I'll aye remember:
 now her frowns make it decay;
 fades as in December.

ural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 hy thus should Peggy grieve me?
 make her partner in my pains;
 en let her smiles relieve me.
 t, my love will turn despair;
 / passion no more tender;
 ave the bush aboon Traquair;
 lonely wilds I'll wander.*



SWEET ANNIE.

ET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
 here Jockie speel'd the vessel's side;
 wha can keep their heart at hame,
 hen Jockie's tost aboon the tide.
 ff to distant realms he gangs,
 t I'll prove true, as he has been;
 when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 'll think on Annie, his faithfu' ain.

: our wealthy laird yestreen;
 i' gowd in hand he tempted me;
 rais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 d made a brag o' what he'd gie.
 : though my Jockie's far away,
 ast up and down the dinsome main;
 eep my heart anither day,
 ice Jockie may return again.

URNS visited this far-famed *Bush* in 1787, it consisted
 ne ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has plant-
 f trees near it, which he calls *the New Bush*.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jockie wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray:
 For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
 While Jockie's notes do faithfu' flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain;
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockie's head,
 And gar the waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What though my Jockie's far away;
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockie may again be mine.



THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

KEEN blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
 The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome and cheerie,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee;
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my John-
 nie;
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

On cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 It's no its loud roar, on the wint'ry win' swellin';
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee;
 Or O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.



O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK.

TUNE—"Locherrock Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray!
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art:
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could waukin.
 Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

TUNE—" *Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

THE lily of the vale is sweet,
 And sweeter still the op'ning rose;
 But sweeter far my Mary is
 Than any blooming flower that blows.
 Whilst spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,
 I'll wander oft by Mary's side,
 And whisper saft the tender tale,
 By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There will we walk at early dawn,
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
 At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread,
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.
 The fairest, choicest flowers I'll crop,
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
 And while I live, I vow and swear,
 She'll be my chief, my only care.



HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LOO DEAR.

TUNE—" *Here's a health to them that's awa.*"

*Here's a health to ane I loo dear,
 Here's a health to ane I loo dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling ee;
 But, why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy! *
Here's a health, &c.



CAPTAIN O'KAINE.

Flow saftly thou stream, thro' the wild spangled valley,
 O green be thy banks, ever bonnie and fair!
 Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,
 Yet strangers to sorrow, and strangers to care.
 The wearie day lang, I list to your sang,
 And waste ilka moment, sad, cheerless, alane:
 Each sweet little treasure o' heart-cheering pleasure,
 Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.

* BURNS, in a letter to Mr. THOMSON, written a few weeks previous to his death, says, "I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired—*Here's a health to them that's awa, Ainey*, but I forget if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses; and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more. I have only begun it." In the letter to Mr. THOMSON, the first three stanzas only are given, and Mr. THOMSON supposed our poet had never gone farther. Among his MSS. however, was found the fourth stanza, which completes this exquisite song, the last finished offspring of his muse.

Fu' aft on thy banks have we pu'd the wild gowan,
 And twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn;
 Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin';
 Sweet days o' delight, which can never return!
 Now ever, wae's me! the tear fills mine ee,
 And sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain;
 Nae prospect returning to gladden life's morning,
 For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine.



VITTORIA.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

SING a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
 High glory gie to gallant Grahame,
 Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,
 Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
 Triumphant freedom smil'd on Spain,
 An' rais'd her stately form again,
 Whan the British lion shook his mane
 On the mountains o' Vittoria.

Let blust'rin' Suchet crouslie crack,
 Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
 And Jourdan wish his baton back,
 He left upon Vittoria.
 If e'er they meet their worthy King,
 Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
 An' some Scotch piper play the spring
 He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth an' honour to the Dane,
 Gie German's monarch heart an' brain;
 But aye in sic a cause as Spain,
 Gie Britons a Vittoria.
 The English rose was ne'er sae red,
 The shamrock wav'd where glory led,
 And the Scottish thistle rais'd its head,
 An' smil'd upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
 Whare thousands fought and monie fell;
 But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell

At the battle o' Vittoria.

The Paris maids may ban them a',
 Their lads are maistly wede awa,
 An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
 They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
 The eagle standard-bearer flees,
 While the "meter flag" floats to the breeze,

An' wantons o' Vittoria.

Britannia's glory there was shown,
 By the undaunted Wellington,
 An' the tyrant trembl'd on his throne,
 Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
 Let a' their trophies for them wave,
 An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
 Upon thy field, Vittoria!
 There let eternal laurels bloom,
 While maidens mourn his early doom,
 An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
 Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
 Barossa heard your Highlan' lay,
 An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day,

A prelude to Vittoria.

Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
 To them wha made poor Spain rejoice;
 Shout Wellington an' Lyndoe, boys,
 Barossa an' Vittoria!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread;
 And, drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, ~~in~~ covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest;
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood;
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
 That tents thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day;
 And bless the parent's evening ray,
 That watch'd thy early morning.*

* The above Song was written by BURNS during the wint
 1787. Miss JEANIE CRUIKSHANKS, only child of Mr. WIL
 CRUIKSHANKS, of the High School, Edinburgh, a friend o
 Bard's, is the heroine. "The air," says BURNS, "is by
 VID SILLAR, quondam merchant, and now schoolmaster i
 vine. He is the Davie to whom I address my printed e
 the measure of the Cherry and the Slae."

LORD GREGORY.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!



KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see! the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.*

* “ Kate of Aberdeen is, I believe, the work of poor NINGHAM, the player; of whom the following anecdote deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past CUNHAM one Sunday, as the poor poet was busy plying a fish in some stream near Durham, his reverence reprimanded NINGHAM very severely for such an occupation on such *The poor poet*, with that inoffensive gentleness of manner

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child,
 —Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we gree,
 I care na by how few may see;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.



MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

TUNE—"Morneen I Gaberland."

HE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
 y war the days when we herded thegither, O,
 t war the hours when he row't me in his plaidie, O,
 'ow't to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O;

s peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and
 erence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred
 as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of
 it!"—BURNS.

But ah, waes me! wi' their sodg'ring sae gaudy, O,
 The laird's wys't awa my braw Highland laddie, O;
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That aye seem't sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blae-berrie banks now are lonesome and drearie, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearlie, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild-melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

Oh! love is like the morning, sae gladsome and bonnie, O,
 Till winds fa' a-storming, and clouds low'r sae rainy, O:
 As nature in winter droops withering sae sadly, O,
 Sae lang may I mourn for my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggie fen,
 He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggie glen,
 He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel my doggie, O,
 Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
 Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammie and my daddie, O,
 I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair,
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle! *



THE LASS O' SKELMORLIE.

Wi' warblin' note an' mellow tongue,
 Tears glist'nin' in his een the while,
 Langsyne the Bard o' Coila sung
 The lovely lass o' Ballochmyle.
 Sae wake my harp, my early frien',
 Sing east and wast, frae sea to sea,
 Owre uplan' heath, an' meadow green,
 The bonnie lass o' Skelmorlie.

These verses were composed by BURNS on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir N's misfortunes had obliged him to sell the estate. It is now seat of CLAUD ALEXANDER, Esq. son of CLAUD ALEXANDER, after realizing a plentiful fortune in India, upon returning is native country, purchased this estate, and by a most extensive series of improvement, has rendered it one of the most fruitful and interesting in that part of the country. Its proud stipitous boundary to the eastward, washed by the water of , now rendered immortal by the poetry of BURNS, overlooks thriving and populous village of Catrine, the family seat of fessor STUART, but principally the property of the Cotton k company, the resident member of which is ARCHIBALD BUNAN, Esq. a gentleman by whose unremitting industry, and amechanical genius, the machinery employed in that species of manufacture, has been almost brought to the highest perfection.

O! sweet's the wastlin' sky at e'en,
 Bedight wi' streaks o' rosy hue;
 An' sweet to see night's silv'ry quee
 Illume the vast etherial blue;
 But sea, or sky, or earth, or air,
 To me sic pleasure canna gie,
 As she, sae charmin', sweet an' fair,
 The bonnie lass o' Skelmorlie!

Dear be the scene—forever dear!
 That heard us pledge the mutual vow,
 That saw the lang-impended tear
 Bedew the gowan on the knowe;
 The look o' love—that look o' bliss!
 I gat, kind fa'in', frae her ee;
 An' aye the soul-transportin' kiss,
 On thy sweet braes, oh Skelmorlie!

Forever, oh! be blest the hour,
 An' may't to memory dear remain;
 Forever, oh! be green the bow'r,
 Where love made Jessle a' mine ain.
 But should its pow'rs o' life be ta'en,
 Still grow thou bonnie birken tree,
 Thou bear'st upon thy bark the name
 O' my sweet lass o' Skelmorlie! *



AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows and wale o' auld men

* The foregoing is by the author of *Fair Helen* (see p. 1).
 Skelmorlie is an estate belonging to the Earl of Eglinton, be-
 tifully and romantically situated on the banks of Clyde, about
 miles below Greenock.

le has gowd in his coffers, he has ousen and kine,
and ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

he's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
he's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
as blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
and dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

ut oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
and my daddie has nocht but a cot-house and yard;
wooeer like me maunna hope to come speed;
he wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

he day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
he night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
and I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

had she but been of a lower degree,
then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
now my distraction no words can express!



FLORA'S LAMENT FOR JAMIE.

TUNE—" *Flowers of the Forest.*"

ET is May morning, the heath hills adorning,
ecking with pearl the green flow'ry lea;
et sing the thrushes among the hawthorn bushes,
at sweeter by far was my Jamie to me.

k, dark and drearie, the moment was eerie,
Then the grim tyrant, by fatal decree,
ch'd aff my treasure, my whole care and pleasure,
ha now sleeps in death 'neath the dark rolling sea.

Lanely I wander whare burnies meander,
 Blythely the birds sing on ilka green tree;
 Nature looks cheerie—but waes me, I'm wearie:
 Joy fled wi' him wha sleeps cauld in the sea.

Nae mair in the gloamin' I'll gaylie be roamin',
 To meet wi' my darling beneath the haw tree,
 Where kindly he'd press me, and fondly caress me—
 My heart's still wi' him, tho' he's cauld in the sea.

Vain are life's pleasures, its beauties and treasures—
 Sweet spring the gowans adorning the lea;
 Winter comes blasting, no longer they're lasting,
 But nipt in the bloom like my Jamie frae me.

Waukin' or sleeping I'm mournin' and weeping;
 Thinking on Jamie tears gush frae my ee;
 Pleasure forsakes me, and sorrow o'ertakes me;
 Death now alone my consoler must be. *



WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

WE'LL meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
 Whare the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side,
 Tho' the broomy knowes be green,
 Yet there we may be seen,
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn
 side.

* The above verses are by a Mr. ANDREW G. BAIN of Edinburgh, and were composed on the death of a young gentleman friend of the author's, who was unfortunately lost on the coast of Ireland, on the 30th of January, 1816.

Lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn side,
Sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side:

There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,
He in iether's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

O ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
These fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side:

There fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
The rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

For the plantin' taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn
side,
The gloamin' draws her foggy shroud, o'er yon burn
side:

Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll thro' the fields alane,
Where we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon
burn side.



MARY.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'."

How dear to think on former days,
And former scenes I've wander'd o'er;
They well deserve a Poet's praise,
In lofty rhyme they ought to soar.
How oft I've wander'd by the Clyde,
When night obscur'd the landscape near,
To hear its murm'ring waters glide,
And think upon my Mary dear.

And when the moon shot forth her light,
Sweet glimm'ring through the distant trees,
How sweet to pass the peaceful night,
And breathe, serene, the passing breeze.

Tho' grand these scenes of peace and joy,
'Tis not for them I'd drop the tear;
Remembrance will my heart annoy,
When thinking on my Mary dear.

Far from my friends, far from my home,
I wander on a distant shore;
Far from those scenes I us'd to roam,
And scenes perhaps I'll tread no more.
My fancy still beholds the Clyde,
Her scenes of grandeur now appear;
What power can e'er my thoughts divide,
From Clyde's fair banks and Mary dear.

No power on earth can change my heart,
Or tear these scenes from out my mind;
And when this world and I shall part,
For them I'll cast a look behind.
Swift fly the time until we meet;
Swift fly away each day and year,
Until my early friends I greet,
And kiss again my Mary dear.*



FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries;
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low and at thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

* By a Mr. D. Weir of Greenock.

Oh Helen fair beyond compare,
 I'll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I die!

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet put o'er my een;
 I wish my grave were growing green,
 On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curs'd be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
 And curs'd the hand that fir'd the shot,
 When in my arms my Helen drop'd,
 And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
 My love dropt down and spake nae mair!
 O think na ye my heart was sair
 On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,
 I wish I were where Helen lies;
 Soon may I be where Helen lies,
 Who died for love of me. *

The story of the above Ballad is thus given by Mr. PEN-
 NANT in his Tour through Scotland:—"In the burying ground
 Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair HELEN IRVINE, and that of
 her lover: She was daughter of the house of Kirkconnell, and
 beloved by two gentlemen at the same time: the one vowed
 sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watched
 opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of
 Kirtle, that washes these grounds. HELEN perceived the
 perate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save
 favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for
 beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly reveng-
 her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time a-
 gainst the Infidels. On his return he visited the grave of his un-
 fortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and expiring on the

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

TUNE—" *Hey tattie tattie.*"

BROAD set the sun o'er wild Glencoe,
 Red gleam'd the heights of drifted snow,
 And loud and hoarse the torrent's flow
 Dash'd through the drear domain.
 Bright shines the hearth's domestic blaze,
 The dancers bound in wanton maze,
 And merry minstrels tune their lays
 Blythe o'er the mountain reign.

Yon level sun sinks down in blood,
 Low'ring o'er dark ingratitude;
 It warns the guileless and the good,
 Glencoe's wo-fated clan.
 Each smiling host salutes his guest,
 "Good night,"—that hand so kindly prest
 Shall plunge the dagger in thy breast
 Long ere the orient dawn.

All's still!—but hark! from height to height
 Comes rushing on the breeze of night,
 The startling shriek of wild affright,
 The hoarse assassin yell!
 Is there no arm on high to save
 From foulest death the trustful brave!—
 Each by his threshold found a grave,
 Or where he slumber'd fell!

spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb stone, with 'Hic jacet ADAM FLEMING;' the only memorial of this gentleman, except an ancient ballad, of great merit, which records this tragical event." Mr. PENN probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which is given in the Statistical account of the parish of Kilpatrick-Fleming: much longer than the foregoing, and contains some meagre *incongruous verses*.

se the sun o'er lone Glencoe;
 ye shall mark that crimson'd snow,
 ar shall list the torrent's flow
 ing the dreary wild.
 sheal and hamlet's sheltering rock
 ars destruction's volum'd smoke,
 h'd the shriek which maddening broke
 mother, maiden, child.

ll!—save round yon mountain's head,
 men of blood the snow-path tread,
 g lest voices from the dead
 ed of hell proclaim.
 or thy clan, thou wild Glencoe!
 blood dyes deep the mountain snow;
 dlier bale, and deeper wo
 orchy on thy name. *

xcellent stanzas are from the pen of the author
 of *Clan-albin*, and exhibit but a faint picture
 blood which will never be blotted out from the
 landers. That horrible transaction has thrown
 in upon King William; and notwithstanding
 the Scottish parliament, in 1695, by which he was
 sted, his memory must still be loaded with the
 ring concerted, countenanced, and enforced this
 tion, especially as the Master of Stair, then se-
 and, escaped with impunity, and the other ac-
 dy, far from being punished, were preferred in
 the year 1691, as the Highlanders, who were
 to the Stuart family, had not totally submitted
 of William, the Earl of Breadalbane under-
 m over, by distributing sums of money among
 d £15,000 were remitted from England for this
 lars being informed of this remittance, suspected
 lesign was to appropriate to himself the best part
 and when he began to treat with them, made such
 ands, that he found his scheme impracticable.

He was therefore obliged to refund the sum he had received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance, with the first opportunity, on those who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negotiation was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a private circumstance, which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Breadalbane during the course of hostilities; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from the other's share of the money which he was employed to distribute. The Highlander not only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but, by his influence among the clans, defeated the whole scheme, and the Earl in revenge devoted him to destruction. King William had by proclamation offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit, and take the oaths by a certain day; and this was prolonged to the close of the year 1691, with a denunciation of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald, intimidated by this declaration, repaired on the very last day of the month to Fort William, and desired that the oaths might be tendered to him by Colonel Hill, governor of that fortress. As this officer was not vested with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them; and Macdonald set out immediately for Inverury, the county town of Argyle. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place, and addressed himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Thus they returned to their own habitations in the valley of Glencoe, in full confidence of being protected by the government, to which they had so solemnly submitted.—Breadalbane had represented Macdonald at court as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inclined to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the proclamation, and proposed that the government should sacrifice him to the

let of the kingdom, in extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his Majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the Master of Stair, secretary of Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends, and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal day approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicion to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity: nevertheless the two young men went forth privately to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood, but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hastened back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and, being destitute of arms, secured their

own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him in the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who the next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate, the laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had been months before this period submitted to the government, this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Caerlaverock, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was put to death by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Of eight persons suffered in this manner, the greater part were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to exterminate all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, and one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell having perceived this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, and a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded by the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled by the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of the soldiers, who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not find such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance.

EVAN BANKS.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires
The sun from India's shore retires;

To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
Oh banks to me for ever dear !
Oh stream whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursu'd me with her eye;
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound;
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs;
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost ?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight !
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart !
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

HOW HARD'S THE FATE OF WOMANKIND.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

How hard's the fate of womankind,
 When I think on't for a' that :
 When they meet a young man to their mind,
 They darena tell for a' that.

*For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
 They darena tell for a' that.*

The world's sae censorious,
 Which causes this and a' that,
 Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts,
 And say we hate and a' that.

For a' that, &c.

I vow I will be none of these
 That play the fool and a' that ;
 When I meet a young man to my mind,
 I'll tell I love for a' that.

*For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 The bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
 Shall be my ain for a' that. **



JEANIE'S BLACK EE.

TUNE—"Cauld Frosty Morning."

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning ;
 Light sprang the lay'rock and mounted sae hie ;
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewie morning,
 My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.

* Written by a Young Lady.

To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens;
 Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black ee;
 Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,
 'Ha me mohátel na dousku me.' *

Soft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
 Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree:
 Think na, dear lassie, 'thy Willie's been cruel,'—
 Ha me mohátel na dousku me.
 Wi' luve's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,
 Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee.—
 You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean; open thae lovely een;
 Ha me mohátel na dousku me.

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorning;
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning;
 Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow;
 O! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth gow-
 any green,
 Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,—
 I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;
 Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see;
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou.—Will, I'm no sleeping
 now;
 I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.
 Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black ee;
 And ay since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is
 sweet,
 Ha me mohátel na dousku me.

* I am asleep, do not waken me.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

*Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.*

THE broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er thy flow'ry lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's han' are strew'd on thee.
Thou bonnie, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonnie, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a cantie sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonnie, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs
Frae aff the norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonnie, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I in youth hae spent in thee.
Thou bonnie, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie will first cry 'a parley?'—
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

*Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.*

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely?
An' claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?—
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?
An' 'neath the Duke's bluidie paws dree'd fu' sairly?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.*

Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

* "In the *Scots Musical Museum*," says Mr. CROMER, in his *Nithsdale and Galloway Remains*, "there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page! The Editor has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which, he believes, will complete the song."

The Editor of this work cannot refrain from giving the following striking instances of fidelity and devotion, displayed by some of our countrymen, in behalf of him whom they considered the lawful sovereign.—"Among the brave supporters of Prince Charles, few excited greater admiration than the seven Highlanders who concealed him in Glenmorriston's cave, and, in disguise, procured necessities and information. Although fugitive and in poverty, these seven had the nobleness of mind to prefer fidelity to the man whom they considered as their Prince,

THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS, the reward offered But of all the men who preserved an unshaken Chevalier in his falling fortunes, the most heroic M'KENZIE, who sacrificed his life for him, with mind, and a self-devotion, unparelleled either in an dern story.

“ About this time, one RODERICK M'KENZIE, Edinburgh, who had been out with the Prince, among the hills about Glenmorriston, when some met with him. As he was about the Prince's size not unlike him in the face, being a genteel man, ed, they took him for the Prince. M'KENZIE t them, but could not, and being determined not to hang, (which he knew, if taken, would be his fi resolved to die sword in hand; and, in that death Prince more than he could do by living. The bra diness of M'KENZIE confirmed the soldiers in the *was the Prince*, whereupon one of them shot him fell, cried out, ‘ you have killed your Prince, y your Prince,’ and expired immediately. The sold

I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how deil Tam can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man:
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Amang the Highland clans, man:
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang and some for right;
 But monie bade the world guid-night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.



WHEN LIFE WAS GAY.

TUNE—" *My only jo and dearie, O.*"

WHEN life was gay, an' hope was young,
 Nae cares to mak me eerie, O,
 By birken shaw I sat an' sung,
 An' tun'd my pipe fu' cheerie, O;
 Nae birdie, singin' frae the tree,
 Was hauf sae blythe, sae gay as me,
 Till tost upon life's troubled sea,
 I travers'd lang an' wearie, O.

How chang'd were then the lightsome hours,
 When beat my heart sae rarely, O,
 When far frae Clutha's sylvan bowers,
 Misfortune skelpt me sairly, O.—
 Sought the long embattled line,
 Ager in glory's path to shine—
 But dool cam owre the hapless time
 I yielded to the fairlie, O.

But sin' the dearest bliss o' man,
 That wyles our way sae drearie, O,
 The bravest lass in a' the lan',
 Smiles on me kind an' cheerie, O ;
 Contented wi' my peacefu' lot,
 My sorrows now are a' forgot ;
 An' monie mae I wad bear for't,
 If blest wi' thee, my dearie, O !

O woman, man's delight an' care !
 The sweetest pride o' nature, O,
 Reposes on her bosom fair,
 Sits smilin' on ilk feature, O !
 Man may be bold, he may be strong,
 May figure through life's chequer'd throng,
 But still the Bard, in deathless song,
 The chief o' warks will rate her, O !



I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.



GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

*Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.*

THERE's nought but care on every han',
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' twere na for the lasses, O?

Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may flee them, O;
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arins about my dearie, O,
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, wha sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
 He dearly loo'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

uld nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O :
 er 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.



DEIL CAM FIDDLING THRO' THE TOWN.

HE deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman ;
 And ilka wife cry'd, Auld Mahoun,
 We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

*We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice man ;
 And monie thanks to the muckle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.*

here's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man :
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
 Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.*

We'll mak our maut, &c.



JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

y said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't ?
 a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher's gude ;
 y tocher's gude, I winna marry thee.
 e-ye-like, quo' Jockey, I can let ye be.

A meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns
 led upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to
 ident, written on the back of a letter.

A a

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
 I hae sax gude owsen ganging in a pleugh;
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linkin o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre;
 A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin' fire;
 We'll mak a rantin' fire, and merry sall we be,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel';
 Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his
 bride;

But saving a crown, he had naething beside:
 To mak that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown
 awa;

My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mither coudna spin;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win:
 Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his
 ee,

Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
 At the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck:
 The ship it was a wreck; why didna Jenny die?
 And why shall I live to say waes me?

And Robin argued sair: tho' my mither didna speak,
 He look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
 They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea:
 Now auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.

Hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae day at the door,
 Saw my Jamie's wreath, for I coudna think it he,
 Till he said I'm come back for to marry thee.

Sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
 Wish I were dead; but I'm no like to die;
 And why do I live to say waes me?

Gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 Darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 Or auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.



LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurche's Rant."

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.*

Lassie wi', &c.



WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

TUNE—"Clean pease strae."

WHEN John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gie us nocht ava'.
I wair't my fee wi' cannie care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat our bridal bed
Was clean pease strae.

* "This piece," says BURNS, in one of his letters to Mr. TSON, accompanying the song, "has at least the merit of being regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

Wi' working late and early,
 We're come to what you see;
 For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
 Sae eydent aye were we.
 The lowe of love made labour light,
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will lowe in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha'.
 Sae, lassie, tak the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Tho' ye should mak your bridal bed
 Of clean pease strae.



FAREWELL TO AVONDALE.

Farewell ye vales where Avon flows,
 Farewell ye hills that rise around,
 Farewell abodes of sweet repose,
 Where innocence and peace abound.
 No more beside your streams I'll stray,
 Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
 No longer listen to the lay,
 That's carol'd thro' the birken shaw.

Farewell Pomilion's flowery braes,
 Whose murmuring rills so sweetly fa',
 Where aft I've spent the summer days,
 When sorrow's hand was far awa!
 Thou'st listen'd to the lover's wail,
 As am'rously thou glided thro';
 Thou'st listen'd to my artless tale,
 But never heard'st a tale so true.

Farewell thou dear ungratefu' maid,
 Thou'lt mind me when I'm far awa;
 And but for thee, I might have staid,
 To breathe the gales that round thee blaw.
 Thou knew'st my heart was a' thy ain,
 And thine thou vow'dst was mine alone;
 But cursed gold has made us twain,
 Whom Heaven had fated to be one.

Farewell thou still beloved maid,
 Love, rage, and grief, my soul disarms;
 For never, never could I've staid,
 To see thee in another's arms.
 No more by Avon's streams we'll stray,
 Nor pu' the wild flowers as they blaw;
 No longer listen to the lay,
 That's carol'd thro' the birken shaw.*



P'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

BETTY, early gone a maying,
 Met her lover, Willie, straying;
 Drift, or chance, no matter whether,
 This we know, he reason'd with her:—
 Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
 Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
 See how ev'ry bush discovers
 Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning, blushing roses,
 All their secret charms discloses;
 Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,
 O, their fleeting, hasty pleasure!
 Quickly we must snatch the savour
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour;

* Written by a Mr. ANDREW SIMSON of Glasgow.

They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces;
Youth and love forbid our staying,
Love and youth abhor delaying.
Dearest maid,—nay, do not fly me,
Let your pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie—
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee!



FAIR ELIZA.

TUNE—"The bonnie brucket lassie."

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;

Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens on his ee;—
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.



THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae hauf so sweet as thee.

My Marion's a bonny lass,
The blythe blink's aye in her ee;
And fain wad I marry my Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en' when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And yese get a green-sey apron,
And waistcot o' Lon'on brown;
Then vow but ye will be vap'rin'
When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlings, Marion,
Wi' kirtle of the cramasie;
And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see thee.



SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS.

TUNE—"Woes my heart that we should sunder."

SPEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rocks round which we played,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the knowe, with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling^g!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!
 Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes, softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens deny'd success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend:
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend! *



KELVIN BRAES.

TUNE—" *Logan Braes.*"

AFT hae I stray'd the woods amang,
 An' listen'd to the mavis' tune,
 Where Kelvin swiftly glides alang,
 Or rushes o'er the roaring linn.
 'Twas there my Mary first I saw,
 An' past wi' her my youthfu' days;
 But roaring seas now part us twa,
 An' I am far frae Kelvin Braes.

* "Strathallan, it is presumed, was one of the followers young Chevalier; and is supposed to be lying concealed in cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden."

ho' fortune's smiles upon me play,
 No pain my pleasure to destroy;
 Till when I think, my heart is wae
 Since Mary canna share my joy.
 ho' scented groves perfume the air;
 Tho' here is spring that ne'er decays;
 naething see that can compare,
 Wi' what I've left on Kelvin Braes.

had I Mary in my arms,
 Could I again but ca' her mine;
 Then I, when gazing o'er her charms,
 Would little cause hae to repine.
 Creweel then to the shady bower,
 Nurs'd by kind Nature's genial rays;
 And welcome back the happy hours,
 That I hae spent on Kelvin Braes.



NOW EV'NING DESCENDING.

TUNE—"Nathaniel Gow's lament."

'ning descending has darken'd the hill,
 Dim through the twilight the woodlands appear:
 No noise of the mournfully-murm'ring rill,
 The breeze in the forest, no sound meets my ear.
 Sweet is the shade, and the silence of ev'n
 Dear to the bosom affliction has wrung,
 The red eye of grief has no witness but Heav'n,
 Unheard are the accents from agony sprung.

O twin-spirit! O G * th * * e belov'd, *
 I lost thee, how wretched existence has been!
 Anguish I stray, where in rapture we rovd,
 O long lovely ev'nings of summer serene.

And of O G * th * * e belov'd, Friend dearly belov'd, may
 be uttered in singing.

The gathering gloom now conceals from my sight
 The *scenes* of past joy by the course of the Cree;
 But when shall the *thoughts* of departed delight,
 Retentive remembrance, be darken'd with *thee*! *

* These beautiful stanzas on the death of a dear school-fellow, were written by a young gentleman, who died, a few months ago, of a consumption, aged 20 years, and who is also the author of *Evening sheds her gems of dew*. A copy of that song, with additions and alterations by the author of *The days of auld langsyne*, will be found in page 188 of this work. It will be seen by the following copy of the original, (which a friend of the author's has kindly furnished the Editor with, and which he conceives it but justice to departed genius to insert) that the alterations consist in giving the verses a Scottish dress, changing the name of the river, and altering a few of the words, some of them for the better, others, we think, unhappily. The words for which others were substituted in the copy formerly given, are here marked in Italics.

EV'NING SHEDS HER GEMS OF DEW.

Tune—"Lord Balgonie's favourite."

Ev'ning sheds her gems of dew,
 On the heath *bell's bosom* blue,
 Blooming here beneath the yew,
 Upon thy grave, my Mary, O!
 Larger drops than those of eve,
 Burning tears, the flowers receive;
 Grief, that time can ne'er relieve,
 With me must ever tarry, O!
 Nought *below* can *e'er* restore
 Pleasure to my bosom more;
 Anguish still must wring it's core
 Till I rejoin my Mary, O!

O'er *the scenes* of past delight
Slowly steals the shades of night,
 Hiding from my aching sight
 The lov'd resorts of Mary, O!
Scenes! by *Creta* † *rustling* clear,
Haunts! that bring the briny tear,
 Far is she, *who* made ye dear,
 Above that vault so starry, O!
 O! that brief the time may be
 Till my soul, from anguish free,
 Raptur'd rise to heav'n, and thee,
 My dear departed Mary, O!

The Mary the author laments in these lines died about six months before himself.

† The Cree, a rapid romantic stream in Upper Galloway.

THE COGGIE.

TUNE—" *Could kail in Aberdeen.*"

WHEN poortith cauld, and sour disdain,
Hang o'er life's vale sae foggie,
he sun that brightens up the scene,
Is friendship's kindly coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,
The friendly, social coggie;
It gars the wheels o' life run light,
Tho' e'er sae doilt and cloggie.*

et pride in fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
he source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,
The independent coggie;
And never snool beneath the frown
Of onie selfish roggie.*

oor modest worth, with heartless ee,
Sits hurkling in the boggie,
ill she asserts her dignity,
By virtue of the coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,
The poor man's patron coggie;
It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,
And lifts him frae the boggie.*

ie feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gie France her weel spic'd froggie,
ie brother John his luncheon too,
But gie to us our coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,
Our soul-warm kindred coggie;
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee thought groggie.*

In days of yore our sturdy sires,
 Upon their hills sae scröggie,
 Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
 And fought to save their coggie.

*Then, O revere the coggie, sirs,
 Our brave forefathers' coggie;
 It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
 O'er which we'll lang be voggie.*

Then, here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
 A cringing coward doggie,
 But bauldly stand, and bang the loon
 Wha'd reave her of her coggie.

*Then, O protect the coggie, sirs,
 Our good auld mother's coggie;
 Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
 By ony foreign roggie.*



RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—"M'Gregor of Rero's lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring:
 "Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night, that knows no morrow!

O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.

Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load, to misery most distressing,
 O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!" *



THE LASS O' NETHERLEE.

*Auld farran' cantie bodie,
 Cam ye frae the Netherlee?
 Auld farran' cantie bodie,
 Did ye there my lassie see?*

WIND, an' blythe, an' sweet as onie,
 Fairer never can ye see;
 In face an' form my lassie's bonnie,
 Dimpl'd love sits in her ee.

Auld farran', &c.

Fair like the mornin's gouden beam,
 On the tapmaist mountain hie;
 An' oh! whan dress'd in tartan sheen,
 Beauty's power is ill to dree.

Auld farran', &c.

Her lips wad mak the cherry blush
 Deeper red—tho' red it be;
 An' weel like I the dew to brush
 Frae her lips sae sweet an' wee.

Auld farran', &c.

composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza,
 to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still
 ancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of
 who shot himself, out of sheer heart-break at some
 utions he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his
 '—Burns.

But sawna ye the lassie then,
 Thro' the wood or owre the lea?
 Tho' ye're the wale o' cantiest men,
 To seek her quickly maun I flee.

*Fare ye weel then funnie bodie,
 Whan ye ca' 't the Netherlee,
 Spier for me auld farran' bodie,
 Then the lassie dear ye'll see.**



CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair;
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
 On ev'ry tree,
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be?
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both?
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:

* By the author of *Fair Helen*. Netherlee is about four
 W. of Glasgow.

Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat :
For covering,
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me ;
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequie.
The courteous red-breast he,
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy,
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart,
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee. *

following interesting account of this plaintive dirge is
pen of ALEXANDER FRAZER TYTLER, Esq. of Wood-
—" In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms
proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed
'rummonds). The eldest son of that family was very
ached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, common-

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

LOUDON's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun lea' them a', lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gie Britons law, lassie?

ly known by the name of Fair HELEN of Ardoch.—At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. CROMLUS, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblane, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man unfortunately was deeply sensible of HELEN's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of CROMLUS; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connexion was broken off betwixt them: HELEN was inconsolable, and CROMLUS has left behind him, in the ballad called *Cromlet's Lilt*, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love. When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened HELEN's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. HELEN was obdurate: but at last overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands,—she submitted, rather than consented to the ceremony: but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot at the bed head, she heard CROMLUS's voice, crying, *Helen, Helen, mind me*. CROMLUS soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage disannulled,—and HELEN became lady Cromlecks."

Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae fame would live a stranger?
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall sooth thy waes
 When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark ! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings,
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the wearie moments counting,
 Far frae love, and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields of war,
When vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears, lassie,
Glorious honour crowns the toil,
 That the soldier shares, lassie :
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
'Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
 'Till the day we die, lassie :
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb, that plays
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

TUNE—" *I had a horse.*"

SHE's jilted me, an' now I'm free
 To seek anither dearie;
 But ne'er again shall onie she,
 My bosom mak sae eerie.
 Her skin is white—her een are blue—
 But oh! she gaed wi' Johnnie;
 An' gin to me she was na true,
 What is't to me how bonnie?

What tho' she's fair, and unco fair,
 An' comely as she's bonnie?
 I still wad look for something mair,
 Than beauty in a cronie.
 My nither lo'ed the lassie weel,
 An' her consent wad gie me;
 But now for me she'll get the deil
 Before that she gets Jamie.

An' tho' I'm puir, an' unco puir,
 I think mysel' fu' cannie;
 She's aff to Jock, out-owre the muir,
 Sae I'll awa to Nannie.
 Let simple chiels tak' tent, an' fear
 Lest they sic jades discover,
 Wha wad, for sake o' warly gear,
 Slight a true-hearted lover.



O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

TUNE—" *My love is lost to me.*"

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
 Or had of Helicon my fill;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sell;
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay,
 For a' the lea-lang simmer's day,
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,

How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name;
 I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 'Till my last weary sand was run,
 'Till then—and then I love thee. *



HUSH YE RUDE BREEZES.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

Hush, hush ye rude breezes, my Harry is comin',
 Nor aim at my lover the blasts that ye blaw,
 For he'd come to my arms, tho' the burn it was foam',
 In winter or summer, thro' sleet or thro' snaw.
 He hears not, nor fears not your blustering thunder,
 But thinks his dear lassie how soon he shall see;
 And oh! may rude fate never cast us asunder,
 Nor blast all the hopes of my Harry and me.

* Mrs. BURNS is the heroine of this beautiful song. Co
 con, is a high hill near the source of the river Nith.

My Harry is blythsome, my Harry is cheerie,
Wi' him ilk thing round me looks bonnie and brav
But ilk thing aroun' me look's darksome and drear
If e'er he gaes frae me, or turns to gae 'wa.
Lang hae I lo'ed him, an' never, O never,
Can I think my dear laddie for ever to lea';
But if 'tis our fate that death should us sever,
One grave shall receive both my Harry and me.*



THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

O! I am come to the low countrie,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three-score o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine,
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine!

* By the author of the Farewell to Avoondale. See p. 281

ill Charlie Stewart cam at last
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell!
 Right to the wrang did yield;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field!

I hae nocht left me ava,
 O chon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk an' bran',
 Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bludie crownes
 To them gar't Donald die! *

"This song," says Mr. CROMEK, in his *Remains*, "has been in another garb for many years in Galloway. The first verses are now first printed. The fifth, sixth, and seventh, are wholly by BURNS.

The determined fierceness of the Highland character and of desperate resolution and heroism. One of a clan, at Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set him at a park wall, and with his targe and claymore bore the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he dealt strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encircled themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. 'See the fellow,' was the unregarded cry of some officers. He was cut to pieces, and thirteen of his enemies died with him."

THOUGH WOMEN'S MINDS.

TUNE—"For a' that and a' that."

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

*For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
 She'll be my ain, for a' that.*

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
 Has wit and sense, and a' that;
 A bonnie lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime daur ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex!
 I like the jades for a' that.

For a' that, &c.

BODY'S LIKE TO GET MARRIED BUT ME.

Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire,
 I thought of the time that was fast fleein' by,
 said to hersel', wi' a heavy heigh hee,
 a' body's like to get married but me!
 She said, &c.

Youthfu' companions are a' worn awa,
 tho' I've had wooers mysel', ane or twa,
 tho' a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see:
 a' body's like to get married but me!

Yet a lad, &c.

There's Lowrie, the lawyer, wad hae me fu' fain,
 he has baith a house and a yard o' his ain;
 before I'd gang to it, I rather wad die;
 wad stumpin' body! he'll never get me!

But before, &c.

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun'on come down,
 ' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town;
 poor deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my ee:
 a' body's like to get married but me!

But, poor deevil, &c.

I saw a lad by yon saughy-burn side,
 he wad deserve onie queen for his bride:
 I had my will, soon his ain I wad be:
 a' body's like to get married but me!

Gin I had, &c.

Heed him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd;
 friends, if they kend it, wad surely rin wud;
 tho' bonnie and good, he's no worth a bawbee:
 a' body's like to get married but me!

For tho' bonnie, &c.

'Tis hard to take shelter behind a laigh dike;
 'Tis hard for to take ane we never can like;
 'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain would be wi';
 Yet ~~its~~ harder that a' should get married but me.
 'Tis hard for, &c.



THE BLACK-E'D LASSIE.

TUNE—" *My only jo and dearie, O.*"

Wi' truest love, I love thee Jean—
 But dinna ye be saucy, O,
 Or why I love I winna tell,
 My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O.
 It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,
 It's no thy little cherry mou,
 It's a' because thy heart's sae true,
 My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

It's no the witch-glance o' thy ee,
 Tho' few for that surpass ye, O,
 That mak's ye aye sae dear to me,
 My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!
 It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,
 It's no love's dimple on thy chin;—
 It's a' thy modest worth within,
 My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,
 That a' wish to caress ye, O;
 But I adore thy heav'nly mind,
 My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!
 I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,
 Shine dimly thro' saft pity's tear,
 Which mak's ye ever, ever dear
 To me, my black-e'd lassie, O!

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE.

TUNE—"Sleepy Maggy."

*O are ye sleeping, Maggie;
O are ye sleeping, Maggie;
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.*

Dark and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

O are ye, &c.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.

O are ye, &c.

Aboon my breath I darna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

O are ye, &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie:
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

*Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!*

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

~~THE~~ Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humor'd Highland lassie.

*O my bonnie Highland lassie,
 My hearty, smiling Highland lassie;
 May never care mak thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Than ony lass in burrow-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks wi' patches mottie,
 I'd take my Katie, but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Beneath the brier or birken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My flighterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonnie, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stend,
 Wi' cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out o' their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonnie, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can weild my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

O my bonnie, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me; let great fook gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasu

O my bonnie, &c.

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—" *O bonnie lass will ye lie in a barrack?* "

) KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 He has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.
 The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:
 He's left the guid fellow, and ta'en the churl.
 The miller he hecht her, a heart leal and loving:
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;
 A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.
 Wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailin'!
 Tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!



THE LEA RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
 And owsen frae the furrowed field
 Return sae dowf and wearie, O;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo.
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It makes my heart sae cheerie, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.



THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

TUNE—" *Auld langsyne*."

WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trode on thirty years,
 My native lan' I sought again,
 Wi' monie hopes and fears.
 Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 Will still continue mine,
 Or gin I e'er again shall meet
 The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way;
 Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day:
 Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me think the joys at hand
 Were naething to langsyne.

My ivy'd tow'rs now met my view,
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
 Nae frien' stept forth wi' open arms,
 Nae weel-ken'd face I saw,
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad come back,
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran through ilka weel kent room,
 In hopes to meet friends there;
 I saw where ilk' ane us'd to sit,
 And hang o'er ilka chair.
 Till saft oblivion drew her veil
 Across these een o' mine,
 I steek'd the door, and sabb'd aloud,
 As I thought o' langsyne.

A new sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay,
 Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,
 And wish'd my groves away.
 Cut, cut, they cried, yon gloomy trees;
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine!
 Ah no! your fathers' names grow there—
 Memorials o' langsyne.



MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

TUNE—" *Deil tak the wars.* "

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride;
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art.
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart—
 But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
soul!

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll. *

* This song was composed on the lady who is celebrated in *Craigie-burn Wood*, to whom Burns assures us we have been indebted for many of his best songs. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, he says, "do you think that the sober, gin-horse routine of existence, could inspire a man with life, and love, and joy—could fire him with enthusiasm, or melt him with pathos, equal to the genius of your book? No! no!—Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song; to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs; do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe; the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself in the regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus; and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!" The following is the original of this song, and is undoubtedly the best.

Sleeps't thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud, which Nature
Waters wi' the tear o' joy.
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the recking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray.
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,

WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

TUNE—" *The mill mill, O.*"

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy;
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me, my lovely maid,
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'ercastr my sullen sky;
 But when in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

Our Bard himself seems to think, that it would not be be an alteration. "I could," says he, "easily throw the English mould; but to my taste, in the simple and the pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scottish has a noble effect." We should imagine that the justness of the variation is unquestionable. Simplicity in language is so calculated to express the tenderest emotions of the heart. It will be observed, however, that this song has a little in the alteration; and that it possesses a richness seldom equalled by any of our best English pieces.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man: and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair wese ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin' plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger:
Remember, he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.



SWEET ELLEN OF THE DALE.

TUNE—" *Maid of Erin.*"

No hope, no comfort near me,
I sit me down and sigh;
Alas! she will not hear me;
Her tears are her reply.
She spurns my faithful bosom,
She scorns my lovelorn tale;
Still fades the lovely blossom,
Sweet Ellen of the dale.

She loved, she loved another,
And still his loss deplores;
Nought can her passion smother
For him she still adores.
She hears a faithful lover
His hapless lot bewail;
No tears nor sighs can move her,
Sweet Ellen of the dale. *

* By the author of the *Farewell to Avondale*.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE—" *Liggeram Cosh.*"

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling I do nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.*



POOR MARY.

TUNE—" *A' body's like to get married but me.*"

I MET my dear lassie short syne in yon dale,
 But deep was her sigh, and her cheek it was pale
 And sad the saft smile that was heaven to see:
 Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

* BURNS, in a letter to THOMSON, says, "*Blythe hae I the hill* is one of the finest songs I ever made in my life, & sides is composed on a young lady positively the most be lovely woman in the world." It is certainly a charming but we do not think, that it can at all be set in the sa with the *Banks of the Devon* or *Highland Mary*.

A feverish heat has depriv'd o' their bloom,
Her lips, ance sae rosy, exhaling perfume;
An' chang'd is the glance o' her blythe hazel ee,—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

'Twas thus a fair flow'ret adorn'd my lone walk,
But chill blew the east on its tender green stalk:
No more its sweet blossoms allure the wild bee—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

If I were but destin'd to ca' her *my ain*,
I'd shield her sae fondly frae sna', win', an' rain;
And, nightly, this bosom her pillow wad be:—
Poor Mary, I fear, is unhappy—like me.

Detraction and malice—society's pest!
I know 'tis your venom that pains her pure breast;
But, O for that haven, 'yont life's stormy sea,
Where Mary, I trust, shall be happy wi' me! *



MATTY.

WHILE Phœbus reposes in Thetis's bosom,
While white thro' the branches the moonlight is seen;
Here, lonely, I rove, near the old hawthorn's blossom,
To meet with my Matty, and stray o'er the green.

Nor hardship, nor care, now my bosom harasses,
My moments, from fame and its nonsense are free;
Ambition I leave to the folly of asses,
For Matty is fame and ambition to me.

* By MR. A. FLETCHER.

The great may exclaim, and with fury enclose me;
But fools, or the rabble, shall growl now in vain:
Their madness, their malice shall ne'er discompose me,
Since Matty commends and delights in my strain.

And kind is the lovely, the charming young creature;
Sweet beauty and innocence smile in her cheek;
In raptures I wander, and gaze o'er each feature,
My bosom unable its transports to speak.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the city,
To stray through the meadow or shadowy grove,
How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,
While telling some tale of unfortunate love.

Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,
For art or dissembling to her are unknown;
And false protestations she knows not to fear them,
But thinks that each heart is as kind as her own.

And lives there a villain, who, born to dissemble,
Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame;
May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble,
And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.

Ye pow'rs! be my task to protect and behold her,
To wander delighted with her all the day;
When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,
And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

But hush! who comes yonder? 'tis Matty, my dearest:
The moon, how it brightens, while she treads the plain!
I'll welcome my beautiful nymph, by the nearest,
And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.*

* "Alexander Wilson, the author of the above song, was born in the town of Paisley, and received the elements of a classical education at a grammar school of his native place. About the

age of ten he had the misfortune to lose his mother; and his father, who was closely engaged in the occupation of a distiller, feeling the necessity of an adjunct in the government of an infant family, again entered into the matrimonial state. Young Wilson's father had designed him for a learned profession; but this intention, how agreeable soever to parental feelings, was not relished by the son, who had imbibed some prejudices, which were the cause of the project being abandoned. The introduction of a stepmother into Mr. Wilson's family, as is too often the case, was productive of unhappiness. The subject of this memoir became the object of aversion, through some unknown cause, to his new guardian; who employed her influence to his disadvantage with such effect, that the poor lad was compelled to forsake his paternal roof, and to seek an asylum under that of his brother-in-law, William Duncan, who resided at Queensferry, on the Frith of Forth. Mr. Duncan was a weaver; and young Wilson, convinced by experience of the necessity of self-exertion, applied himself with diligence to acquire a knowledge of that trade, at which he continued for several years. At an early period of his life he evinced a strong desire for learning; and the perusal of old magazines and pamphlets, to which he had ready access, was an additional stimulus to further exertion. His mind, it is reasonable to conjecture, was not a little agitated at the solemn alternative of persecution, or of relinquishing for ever the fostering attentions of a parent, to whom he was most dutifully and affectionately attached; and he experienced consolation by devoting his leisure hours to reading and writing. Poetry attracted his regard; it was the vehicle of sentiments which were in unison with his sanguine feelings: he had early imbibed a love of virtue; and it now assumed a romantic cast, by assimilation with the high-wrought efforts of fancy, combined with the melody of song. Mr. Duncan, with a view of bettering his estate, relinquished the occupation of weaving, and became a travelling merchant, or, in common language, a pedlar. In his expeditions, young Wilson, now approaching to manhood, frequently accompanied him; and thus was a foundation laid of a love for travelling, which became a ruling passion with our author during the remainder of his existence. Alexander was now left to shift for

himself; and as he was completely initiated in the art of trading, he shouldered his pack, and cheerfully set out in quest of riches. In a mind of a romantic turn, Scotland affords situations abundantly calculated to arouse all those feelings which the sublime and beautiful in nature inspire. Wilson was a poetical enthusiast; and the bewitching charms of those mountains, valleys, and streams, long since immortalized in song, filled his soul with rapture, and enkindled all the efforts of his youthful muse. From a habit of contemplating the works of Nature, arose an indifference to the vulgar employment of trading, which became more disgusting at each interview with the muses; and nothing but the dread of poverty induced him to conform to the dull avocations of common life. He occasionally contributed essays to various periodical publications, amongst which we may name the *Bee*, conducted at Edinburgh by Dr. Anderson. He likewise was in the habit of frequenting the Pantheon at the same place, wherein a society for debate held their meetings. In this assembly of wits he delivered several poetical discourses, which obtained him considerable applause. In consequence of his literary attainments, and correct moral deportment, he was admitted to the society of several gentlemen of talents and respectability, who desisted in our youth the promise of future eminence. Flattered by attentions which are always grateful to the ingenious mind, he was emboldened to the design of collecting and publishing his various poetical attempts; hoping thereby to realize funds sufficient to enable him to persevere in the walks of learning, which, to his glowing fancy, were profusely strewn with flowers. The volume appeared under the title of ‘*Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious, by Alexander Wilson.*’ These poems went through two small octavo editions, the last of which appeared in 1791. The author reaped no benefit from the publication. About this period of his life the town of Paisley was agitated by a misunderstanding between the manufacturers and the weavers; and all the talents of both parties were exerted on the occasion. Young Wilson, attached to his side by the double tie of principle and interest, boldly espoused their cause, and was considered no mean champion in the controversy. Amongst the manufacturers there was one of considerable wealth and influence, who had ris-

from a low origin by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, and who had rendered himself greatly obnoxious by his avarice and knavery. Him our poetical weaver arraigned in a galling satire, written in the Scottish dialect, which of all languages is perhaps the most fertile in terms of sarcasm or abuse. This piece was published anonymously; and though Wilson was suspected to be the writer, yet no evidence could be adduced to establish the fact. But unfortunately as he was one night, at a late hour, returning from Mr. Neilson, his printer, some spies, who had been watching his movements, seized upon him; and papers being found in his possession which indicated the author, he was prosecuted for a libel, sentenced to a short imprisonment, and to burn, with his own hands, the piece at the public cross in the town of Paisley. The printer, it is said, was likewise fined for his share in the publication.

"In the year 1792, Mr. Wilson wrote his characteristic tale entitled 'Watty and Meg.' In this little poem the reader is presented with an exquisite picture from low life, drawn with all the fidelity and exactness of Teniers, or Ostade, and enlivened with the humour of Hogarth. The story excites as much interest as if it had been written in a dramatic form, and really represented. The interest heightens as it proceeds, and is supported with wonderful spirit to the close of the poem. It must have been in no small degree gratifying to the feelings of the author, who published it anonymously, that during a rapid sale of seven or eight editions, the public universally ascribed it to the pen of Burns. The author of 'Will and Jean,' had the candour to acknowledge that he was indebted to this exquisite poem for the foundation of that popular performance. Wilson now began to be dissatisfied with his lot. He was poor, and saw no prospect of bettering his condition in his native country; and having heard flattering accounts of America, he conceived the design of forsaking the land of his forefathers, and settling in the United States. With this intention he arranged his affairs; set out for Belfast in Ireland; engaged his passage in the ship *Swift*, of New York, Captain Steel, bound to Philadelphia; and arrived at New-castle, in the state of Delaware, on July 14, 1794.

"We now behold Alexander Wilson in a strange land; without

an acquaintance on whose counsels and hospitality he could rely in that state of uncertainty, to which, having no specific object in view, he was of course subjected; without a single letter of introduction; and with only a few shillings in his pocket. But every care was forgotten in his transport at finding himself in the land of freedom. He had often cast a wishful look towards the western hemisphere, and his warm fancy had suggested the idea that among that people only who maintained the doctrine of an equality of rights could political justice and happiness be found. He had become indignant at beholding the influence of the wealthy converted into the means of oppression; and had imputed the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, not to the condition of society, but to the nature and constitution of the government. He was now free, and exulted in his release, as a bird rejoices which escapes from the confinement of the cage. Impatient to set his foot on the soil of the New World, he landed at Newcastle; and shouldering his fowling-piece, directed his route towards Philadelphia, distant about 33 miles. In the year 1795 he travelled through the north part of the state of New Jersey, with an acquaintance, in the capacity of a trader, and met with tolerable success. In the month of October, 1804, Mr. Wilson, accompanied by two of his friends, set out on a pedestrian journey to visit the far-famed Cataract of Niagara, whereof he had heard much, but which he never before had an opportunity of beholding. The magnificent scenery of that beautiful river, as might be expected, filled the bosom of our poet with the most rapturous emotions. He gazed upon the cataract with an enthusiasm bordering on distraction; and ever after declared that no language was sufficiently comprehensive to convey an adequate idea of that wonderful curiosity. It is possible, by the force of description of a work of art, or common scene of nature, to raise the fancy to such a degree that the reality comes short of expectation. But of the Falls of Niagara it may with truth be observed that the utmost stretch of the imagination falls infinitely short of portraying the terrific sublimity of the mighty torrent. On the return of Mr. Wilson, he employed his leisure moments in writing a poetical narrative of the journey, entitled 'The Forresters.' This expedition was undertaken rather too late in the season, and consequently our travellers

lers were subjected to hardships of which they were not aware. Winter overtook them whilst in the Genesee country, on their return by the way of Albany; and they were compelled to trudge the greater part of their route through snow mid-leg deep. Of the two colleagues that accompanied Wilson, one tarried amongst his friends on the Cayuga lake, and the other gave out, and took the benefit of a more agreeable mode of travelling. But the hardy Wilson's pride would not permit *him* to be overcome by fatigue or difficulties. He manfully kept the road, refusing to be relieved even of his gun and baggage; and arrived at his home the 7th of Dec. having been absent 59 days; and traversed in that time upwards of 1200 miles. The last day he walked 47 miles. He remained four or five years as a teacher in the state of Pennsylvania, and was afterwards employed for about the same length of time as a land surveyor. He then became connected with Mr. Samuel Bradford, bookseller and stationer, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of editor. He soon distinguished himself as a man of genius and observation; and among other things which gained him the approbation of the inhabitants of that country, was an elegant work on American Ornithology, which, for accuracy of observation, and splendour of execution, has never been equalled by any publication in that quarter of the world. In pursuit of subjects for this performance he actually traversed a great part of the United States, and was enabled to pursue his favourite diversion of shooting. He killed the birds, drew their figures, and described them. There are few more particulars known of the life of Mr. Wilson; and we learn that he has since paid the debt of nature."

THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray, in the calm summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
 For guileless Simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.



HIE BONNIE LASSIE.

HIE bonnie lassie blink over the burn,
 And if your flocks wander I'll gie them a turn;
 Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A ewe and twa lammies is a' my hale stock,
 But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,
 To buy thee a head-lace sae bonnie and braid,
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,
 And O that wee whittle I liked it weel;

But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair if I had,
If she'd be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little siller, but ae hauf year's fee;
But if you will tak it, I'll gie't a' to thee,
And then we'll be married, and lye in ae bed,
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.



KATE O' GOWRIE.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,
O but she had twa coal-black een;
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.
Quite tir'd o' livin' a' his lane,
Pats to her did his love explain,
An' swore he'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, I winna marry thee,
For a' the gear that ye can gie;
Nor will I gang ae step a-jee,
For a' the gowd o' Gowrie.
My father will gie me twa kye;
My mither's gaun some yarn to dye;
I'll get a gown just like the sky,
Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

O my dear Katie, say nae sae,
Ye little ken a heart that's wae;
Hae there's my hand, hear me, I pray,
Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.
Since first I met thee at the shiel,
My saul to thee's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claise, nor nought,
 Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught;
 I dream a' night, an' start about,
 An' wish for thee in Gowrie.
 I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
 Than a' my rigs an' out-gaun gear;
 Sit down by me, till ance I swear,
 Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Sine on her mouth sweet kisses laid,
 Till blushes a' her cheeks o'er-spread;
 She sigh'd, and in saft whispers said,
 O Pate tak me to Gowrie.
 Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang,
 Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,
 And bide a night, tho' beds be thrang,
 But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent,
 The priest was ca'd, a' were content;
 And Katie never did repent,
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she,
 Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;
 And her braw lasses bare the gree,
 Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.



O'ER THE MIST SHROUDED CLIFTS.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.*"

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the low mountain st
 ing,

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
 What woes wring my heart, while intently survey
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the

foam-crested billows allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
 here the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
 more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
 more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
 I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
 here unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.*



THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad with snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie Spring
 Will gar a' our plantings ring;

The Editor of this Work wishes not to be understood as introducing his readers of inattention to their immortal BURNS, when introduces to their notice, as new to them, a fragment of his *tings*. It has never been published, so far as he knows, in any edition of his works, appearing sometime after its composition in the Ayr Advertiser. It was probably the *Mary* he has somewhere so pathetically sung of, that excited this beautiful vision, in which Scotia easily recognizes the genius of the first of minstrels.

Soon our bonnie heather braes
Will put on their summer claes;
On the mountain's sunnie-side,
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
Then we'll seek the caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride,
O row thee in my Highland plaid!

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our fareweel;
Lang your love has made me fain,
Take me—take me for your ain!
'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.



THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE Summer it was smiling, all Nature round
When Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gr

For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.
Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I had birth
Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the earth
And be a widow for my sake a twelve-month and a day;
And I will leave what e'er belongs to auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could,
And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good;
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my coat I sigh'd,
Oh wae is me what shall I do, since poor old Robin died.
Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's none like
me forlorn;

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born;
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away;
My father dead, my mother dead, and eke auld Robin
Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting
day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourned for Ro-
bin Gray;
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too:
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.
I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was lost,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost.
I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive since died auld Robin
Gray.

At length the merry bells ran round, I couldna guess the
cause,
But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so
much applause;
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And showed a purse of golden ore, and said it is for thee.
Auld Robin Gray I find is dead, and still your heart is
true,
Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be so too
E e

Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blyt
and gay;
I blush'd, consented, and replied, adieu to Robin Gra



SANDY FAR AWA.

TUNE—" *Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

DRAW near ye warblers wild, in woe
Convene and aid my mournfu' strain:
Thou wimpling stream in silence flow,
While by thy margin I complain.
Ye gaudy flow'rs by Nature blown,
Ye emblems o' the Summer braw,
O hang your heads while I bemoan
My true-love Sandy, far awa.

Alas! frae Scotia's peacefu' shore,
Where blooming first he caught my ee—
Beyond the broad Atlantic's roar,
He roams unknown, afar frae me.
For him wi' grief my bosom's torn!
For him my tears unnumber'd fa!—
In pensive woe, anon I mourn
My true-love Sandy, far awa.

When, in the midnight silent hours,
Bright Fancy's dreams around me rove,
Conducting me to Indian bow'rs,
Or clasping him in some wild grove,
O how with rapture him I hail!
In bliss the sigh of love I draw!
But soon, ah! soon, I wake to wail
My true love Sandy, far awa!

O Sandy, like a fading flower
 My weary days draw near a close;
 A victim soon of love's strong power,
 I'll veil my eyes in death's repose.
 But tho' afar frae thee I die,
 Obedient to the heavenly ca',
 Thou'lt claim my last sad heaving sigh,
 My true-love Sandy, far awa! *



IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

TUNE—" *The Highland March.*"

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand by freedom's
 cause :*

*We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and ap-
 plause,*

And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;
 Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

* By the author of *The Banks of Glenart-*

As a storm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the faction of fury long cease,
 May our councils be wise and our commerce increase,
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And bring up our posterity to fight in freedom's cause;
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,*

May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.



CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And bannocks in Strathbogie;
 But naething drives awa the spleen
 Sae weel's a social coggie.
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares,
 Wha broods o'er a' that's foggie;
 Whane'er I'm fash'd wi' worldly cares,
 I drown them in a coggie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,
 With spirits brisk and voggie,
 Blest with my buiks and my sweet lass,
 My cronies and my coggie.
 Then haste, and gie's an auld Scots sang,
 Sic like as Kathrine Ogie;
 A gude Scots sang comes never wrang,
 ' Whan o'er a social coggie. *



CLUTHA.

TUNE—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

O CLUTHA ! wild thy banks appear,
 And saft thy waters glide,
 And lasses, kind, and blythe, an' fair
 Adorn thy wooded side.
 They ken na me, they lo'e na me,
 Tho' a' sae sweet and gay;
 Fu' blythe they be, an' kythe they be,
 But I am doylt an' wae.

How touchin' saft the gloamin's gleam,
 On tufted knowe an' fell,
 When o'er the brae the sunnie beam
 Sae mildly glints farewell !
 When dusky vapours slowly row,
 Alang the waveless tide,
 And gath'rin cluds o' leaden hue,
 Hang on the mountain's side.

Tho' placid be the closin' scene
 At gloamin's silent hour,
 Aroun' my breast nae rays serene
 The joys o' e'enin' pour :

* This version of *Cauld kail* in Aberdeen is by Mr. REID, Bookseller in Glasgow, and is intended to present a few ideas more agreeable than some of the songs of that name.

A' things are gay, but I am wae;
 They smile, but I repine;
 Ilk lover's near his lass sae dear—
 But I am far frae mine.

Thou awfu' spirit o' the floods,
 That scoop'd wide Clutha's vale,
 That flow'r'd her fields, and rear'd her woods,
 And bade her spread the sail!
 O gie her sons and daughters peace,
 And freedom, health, and joy;
 And ne'er let fate blight present bliss,
 Nor soothing hope destroy.

For me, I'll wander where I list,
 Dark as the wintry storm;
 Nae frien' shall sooth my bleeding breast,
 Nae love my sorrow charm.—
 I hae a love, but that sweet love
 Wears cauldness in her ee;
 I hae a love, but that sweet love
 Will never love like me. *



MARY LOOK'D SAE CAULD ON ME.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

Blow on, rude tempest! wildly rave,
 And dash aloft the foaming wave:

* This song, and the six following, the Editor has been favoured with from a Gentleman in Ayrshire, already known to the world as the author of a beautiful little work entitled *Horæ Poeticae*. The Editor expresses the highest sense of gratitude to the author for these pieces; and he is assured the public will give its most cordial assent to the high poetical merit he attaches to them.

Come rapid, with tumultous sweep,
 And spread thy terrors o'er the deep:
 Thy head in cloudy darkness roll,
 Dark as the gloom that wraps my soul;
 For nought but gloom can pleasure gie,
 Since Mary look'd sae cauld on me.

I hear the bending forest groan;
 I hear the hollow cavern's moan;
 I see the angry vapours fly,
 In scatter'd fragments o'er the sky.
 I see the moon, thro' parting cluds,
 Look wanly on the bending woods:
 Cauld, cauld an' cheerless is her ee,
 An' Mary look'd as cauld on me.



ADVICE TO THE LASSES.

To ony tune you like.

LASSES lookna sourly meek,
 But laugh an' love in youth's gay morn:
 If ance the bloom forsake your cheek,
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

The secret favour that you meet,
 Or the favour ye return,
 If vainly ye let ithers see't,
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Wi' care the tender moments grip,
 When your cautious lovers burn;
 But if ye let that moment slip,
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn:

Be on your guard wi' *Sir* or *Laird*;
 A' ties but that o' marriage spurn;
 For if you grant what he may want,
 Fareweel your heuks, your hairst is shorn.

The lad that's wi' your siller taen,
 Reject his vows wi' honest scorn;
 For ance the glitterin' ore's his ain,
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Widows rest you as ye are—
 Nae lover now dare crook his horn;
 But mak him master o' your gear—
 Fareweel your heuks, the hairst is shorn.

Lasses that nae lads hae got,
 But live in garrets lane and lorn,
 Let ilk be carefu' o' her cat—
 Ne'er think o' heuks—your hairst is shorn.



THE FAREWELL.

TUNE—"Jockie's far awa'."

O WELCOME winter! wi' thy storms,
 Thy frosts, an' hills o' sna';
 Dismantle Nature o' her charms,
 For I maun lea', them a'.
 I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd laid
 Upon its wallow bier;
 I've seen the rose-bud drooping fade
 Beneath the dewy tear.

*Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,
 For I maun lea' you a'.*

*O will ye sometimes shed a tear
 For me, when far awa'?*

*For me, when far frae hame and you,
 Where ceaseless tempests blaw,
 Will ye repeat my last adieu,
 An' mourn that I'm awa'?*

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,
In gay green mantle drest;
But now its leafless branches wave
Wild whistling in the blast:
So perish'd a' my youthfu' joy,
An' left me thus to mourn:
The vernal Sun will gild the sky,
But joy will ne'er return.

Then fare ye weel, &c.

In vain will Spring her gowans spread
Owre the green swairded lea:
The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
Will bloom in vain to me:
In vain will Spring bedeck the bow'rs
Wi' buds and blossoms braw—
The gloomy storm already low'rs
That drives me far awa.

Then fare ye weel, &c.

O winter! spare the peacefu' scene
Where early joys I knew:
Still be its fields unfading green,
Its sky unclouded blue.
Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe
The social crak ye ca'—
O spare the tribute of a sigh
For me, when far awa! *

Then fare ye weel, &c.

er untoward fate had forced the author to seek mental peace
eral years on the restless bosom of the deep, he returned,
ainted in his search, to the scenes of his youth. He now
hem endeared to him by absence, a soul-cheering contrast
umults and dangers he had lately experienced; but mis-
still pursued him, and it was on the prospect of quitting
ntry once more, and for ever, that the above effusion was

O WILL I COME WHEN YONT THE KNOWES

TUNE—"The Lee Rig."

O WILL I come when yont the knowes
 The setting sun has hid his ee,
 An' meet thee whare the Irwin rows,
 Sae smoothly thro' the gowan'd lea?
 O will I come, and welcome be?
 And wilt thou on my bosom rest;
 And, while I own nae joy but thee,
 Tell me I'm dearest to thy breast?

O yes! I'll come and joyfu' meet,
 And hear thee say thou'rt a' my ain;
 Our meeting moments shall be sweet—
 But O how shall we part again?
 Yon star that glimmers o'er the main,
 Shall set beyond blue Arran's brow,
 And, blythe, the lark renew her strain,
 Ere I, reluctant, sigh—adieu!

(SUNG SLOW.)

But if I come, and thou, unkind,
 Should'st shaw nae welcome in thy ee,
 Then night!—in a' thy sables bend
 In awfu' darkness o'er the lea;
 And let nae starnie, glintin' hi',
 Abate the horror o' thy reign,
 But sunk in drearie woe, like me,
 Let Nature wrapt in gloom remain.

Perhaps some youth, than me more dear,
 Has smooth'd his way by tender art;
 Has sigh'd his passion in thy ear,
 And found admission to thy heart.

penned. Contrary to his fears, in his native plains, and at the friends of his early years, he has thrice seen winter "santle Nature of her charms," since he wrote *The Farewell*

Then a' ye dreams of joy depart,
 For oh! this throbbing heart is sair!
 Nae future hour will joy impart—
 Nae future scene will ease my care.

(LIVELY.)

But na—she smiles! Maria smiles
 As blythe as morning's risin' ray—
 Nae happier youth, wi' artfu' wiles,
 Has lur'd her maiden heart away.
 Then joy resume thy welcome sway,
 And ever reign within my breast—
 Let fortune sen' me weel or wae,
 I tent na—since wi' Mary blest.



COME WI' ME, MY LOVE.

COME alang wi' me, my love,
 O come alang wi' me:
 The low'ring cluds are vanish'd, love,
 An' the moon blinks bonnilie.
 I maunna gang wi' thee, my love,
 I mauna gang wi' thee;
 For soon the cluds may gather, love,
 An' hide the moon's bright e'e.

O come alang wi' me, my love,
 O come and dinna fear:
 The sky is cludless blue, my love,
 An' the starns are shinin' clear.
 I maunna gang wi' thee, my love,
 For I hae much to fear:
 The meteor's frequent gleam, my love,
 Portends a tempest near.

O come alang wi' me, my love,
And dinna sae me nay;
Come see the sportive spunkie, love,
A-happin' down the brae.
I maunna gang wi' thee, my love,
I e'en maun say thee nay:
The spunkie's treach'rous flame, my love,
Leads followers far astray.

O come alang wi' me, my love,
O come alang wi' me,
And see the hoary cranreuch, love,
Bedeck the leafless tree.
I maunna gang wi' thee, my love,
I maunna gang wi' thee:
The frost that decks the tree, my love,
Cauld wad it fa' on me.

O come alang wi' me, my love,
Come to the burnie's side;
The cauld blast winna steer thee, love,
I'll hap thee in my plaid.
I maunna gang wi' thee, my love,
To the burnie's rocky side:
I coudna see thee cauld, my love,
An' me row't in thy plaid.

O come alang wi' me, my love,
O come and fear nae harm;
We'll share the plaid atween us twa,
And keep ilk ither warm.
I come—an' thus it ay will be—
Let fortune smile or storm,
We'll share the plaid atween us twa,
An' keep ilk ither warm.

O LASSIE I LO'E DEAREST.

O LASSIE I lo'e dearest!
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest;
How sweet to think o' thee!
When blythe the blue e'd dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honied dew-drap
Still trembles at the flow'r-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee;
An' when, by stream, or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red-rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or o'er the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out o'er the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
O think when cares distress thee,
O think when pleasures bless thee,
O him that thinks o' thee!

HELEN.

TUNE—" *Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.*"

MID life's busy scenes oft I think on thee, Helen!
 In sweetest retirement I muse on thy charms;
 Still mem'ry, ay true to the powers of my feelin',
 Sighs forth, "mind youth's joy link'd in each other's
 arms."
 How sweet was the pleasure, still sweet tho' departed;
 Earth's joys, alas! are like rude winds at sea;
 Long for my Helen my lone soul hath smarted,
 Each throb in my bosom beat fondly for thee.

Need I to remind you, how oft times we've wander'd
 By Biggar's fair village, the pride of the plain;
 Or how, by the streamlet that sweetly meander'd,
 We've sported in innocence, free from guilt's pain.
 Eve, with its odours bedewing the mountain,
 Transcendently shines in the chaste lover's eye;
 If 'tis a pleasure to muse by the fountain,
 With rapture I'll muse tho' my heart for thee sigh.*



SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story!
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

* In inserting this piece, the production of a youth of sixteen, the Editor thinks he need offer no apology, since he is of opinion it gives indications of poetical powers, which time and riper judgment will, he hopes, much improve.

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,
 Were bought and sold for English gold:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!



HOW HAPPY IS HE.

TUNE—"Good night and joy be wi' you a'."

How happy is he, whoe'er he be,
 That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
 Who cordially does sympathize
 In words, in action, heart, and mind:
 My kind respects do not neglect,
 Altho' my wealth or state be small;
 With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
 I beg that peace be wi' you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
 For time invites me now to move;
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.



No change shall ever alter it.
All I desire of earthly bliss,
Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
I hope kind heav'n will grant me this:
Good night, and joy be wi' you all.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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IN THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER

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 Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, . . . *Burns,*
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Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, . *Burns,*
 Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning, . . *Burns, ju*
 Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain, . . *Crawford,*
 Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, . *Burns,*
 Hersel pe Highland Shentleman, . . .
 Hie bonnie lassie blink over the burn, . . .
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- I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, ... *Burns,* . .
I had a horse, I had nae mair, ...
I'll aye ca' in by yon town, ... *Burns,* . .
I lo'ed near a laddie but ane, ... *Macneill,* . .
I met my dear lassie yestreen in the vale, ... *Fletcher,* . .
I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' lan', ... *A. Scott,* . .
I'm wearing awa, Jean, ...
In ancient times, as songs rehearse, ...
In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain, *Ramsay,* . .
In the garb of old Gaul, ...
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, ...
I see a form, I see a face, ... *Burns,* . .
Is there for honesty poverty, ... *Do.* . .
It was upon a Lammas night, ... *Do.* . .
I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking, ...
I've seen the lily on the wold, ... *Hogg,* . .
I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, ... *Mrs Cockburn,*
I wish I were where Helen lies, ...
- Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't, ... *Ramsay,* . .
John Anderson my jo, John, ... *Burns,* . .
- Keen blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer, *Tannahill,* . .
Keen blows the wind o'er Donnocht head, ... *Pickering,* . .
Kind, an' blythe, and sweet as onie, ... *Anonymous,*
- Lasses look na sourly meek, ... *J. Burtt,* . .
Last May a braw wooer came down, ... *Burns,* . .
Let bardies tune the rural strain, ... *M'P.* . .
Let drunkards sing in praise o' wine, ... *Charles Gray,*
Let them boast of the country gave Patrick, *Hogg,* . .
Let us go, lassie, go, ... *Tannahill,* . .
Loudon's bonnie woods an' braes, ... *Do.* . .
Lowland lassie, wilt thou go, ... *Do.* . .
- Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, ... *Burns,* . .
Meg, muckin at Geordie's byre, ... *J. Nicol,* . .
Mid life's busy scenes, ... *Anonymous,*
Mirk and rainy is the night, ... *Tannahill,* . .
Musing on the roaring ocean, ... *Burns,* . .
My daddie is a canker'd carle, ...
My heart's in the Highlands, ... *Burns,* . .

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No hope, no comfort near me, . . .	<i>A. Simson,</i> . . .	511
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Now Sandy the winter's cauld blasts are awa, . . .	. . .	87
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Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers, . . .	<i>Watson,</i> . . .	15
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v'ning shade around is spread, ...	<i>W. Glass, . .</i>	164
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urd wha in riches and honour, ...	<i>Ramsay, . . .</i>	48
uss of Patie's mill, ...	<i>Do. . . .</i>	73
asses fain wad hae frae me, ...		160

The last time I came o'er the muir, ...	
The Lawland lads think they are fine, . . .	
The Lawland maids gang trig and fine, . .	
The lily of the vale is sweet, ...	
The lovely moon had climbed the hill, . . .	1
The moon had climb'd the highest hill, . .	
The night her silent sable wore, ...	
The silver moon's enamour'd beam, ...	6
The small birds rejoice, ...	1
The smiling morn, the breathing spring, . .	1
The summer it was smiling, ...	
The sun has gaen down o'er the lofty Ben L. .	1
The sun in the west, ...	1
The sun raise so rosy, the gay hills adorning, .	1
The wind blow his o'er muir and lea, . . .	
The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year, .	1
The yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae, .	
Their groves o' sweet myrtles, ...	1
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, .	
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, ...	
There lives a lassie on yon brae, ...	3
There's nought but care on every hand, . . .	1
There was a wee bit wifeikie, ...	1
They snool me sair, and haud me down, . . .	2
Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling, . . .	
Though women's minds, like winter winds, .	
Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, . .	
Thy cheek is o' the roses hue, ...	1
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, ...	
Trilling harp, come let us sing, ...	1
True-hearted was he, ...	2
Turn again thou fair Eliza, ...	
'Twas ae day in autumn, ...	6
'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green, . . .	2
'Twas in that season of the year, ...	1
'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day, . . .	
'Twas summer, and softly the breezes, . . .	1
'Twas when the wan leaf, ...	
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, . .	
Up amang yon chify rocks, ...	1
We'll meet beside the dusky glen, ...	1
Whan Kinner and I were groom and bride, .	
Whan Maggy and I war acquaint, ...	1
Whan nature first began, Jean, ...	6

When war had broke in, ...	
Where hae ye been a' day, ...	<i>Macneill,</i>
What ails you now, my daintie Pate, ...	<i>Douglas,</i> 2
What beauties does Flora disclose, ...	<i>Crawford,</i>
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man, ...	<i>Burns,</i> 2
Wha the deil hae we got for a king, ...	
Wha wadna be in love, ...	
When I have a saxpence under my thumb, ...	
When I think on this warld's pelf, ...	
When I upon thy bosom lean, ...	<i>Lapraik,</i>
When John and me were married, ...	<i>Tannahill,</i> 2
When Katie was scarce out nineteen, ...	
When life was gay, an' hope was young, ...	<i>Anonymous,</i> 2
When o'er the hill the eastern star, ...	<i>Burns,</i> 3
When our ancient forefathers, ...	<i>Skirra,</i>
When poortith could and sour disdain, ...	<i>Tannahill,</i> 2
When Rosie was faithful, ...	<i>Do.</i> 2
When silent time wi' lightly foot, ...	<i>Miss Blamyre,</i> 3
When the sheep are in the fauld, ...	
When wild war's deadly blast was blown, ...	<i>Burns,</i> 3
Where Echaig joins the wintry tide, ...	<i>Fletcher,</i> 1
While Luna in splendour, ...	<i>M.</i> 1
While Phœbus reposes in Thetis's bosom, ...	<i>Wilson,</i> 3
Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion, ...	
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, ...	<i>Burns,</i>
Will ye gang o'er the lea rig, ...	<i>Ferguson,</i>
Wi' truest heart I love thee, Jean, ...	<i>Charles Gray,</i> 3
Wi' warblin' note an' mellow tongue, ...	<i>Anonymous,</i> 2
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, ...	<i>Burns,</i>
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around, ...	<i>Do.</i>
Young Donald is the blythest lad, ...	
You've surely heard o' famous Neil, ...	

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